

S 1739
G12 L6
copy 1

No. CLXVIII.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

THE

LOVE OF A PRINCE;

OR,

THE COURT OF PRUSSIA.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

ALTERED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY CHARLES GAYLOR.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

PRICE,]

[12½ CENTS.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

PRICE 12½ CENTS EACH.—BOUND VOLUMES \$1.

VOL. I.

1. Ion,
2. Fazio,
3. The Lady of Lyons,
4. Richelieu,
5. The Wife,
6. The Honey-moon,
7. The School for Scandal,
8. Money.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mrs. A. C. MOWATT.

VOL. II.

9. The Stranger,
10. Grandfather Whitehead
11. Richard III.,
12. Love's Sacrifice,
13. The Gamester,
14. A Cure for the Heartache
15. The Hunchback,
16. Don Cæsar de Bazan.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr. CHAS. KEAN.

VOL. III.

17. The Poor Gentleman,
18. Hamlet,
19. Charles II.,
20. Venice Preserved,
21. Pizarro,
22. The Love Chase,
23. Othello,
24. Lend Me Five Shillings

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr. W. E. BURTON.

VOL. IV.

25. Virginius,
26. King of the Commons,
27. London Assurance,
28. The Rent Day,
29. Two Gentlemen of Verona,
30. The Jealous Wife,
31. The Rivals,
32. Perfection.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr. J. H. HACKETT.

VOL. V.

33. A New Way to Pay Old Debts,
34. Look Before You Leap,
35. King John,
36. Nervous Man,
37. Damon and Pythias,
38. Clandestine Marriage,
39. William Tell,
40. Day after the Wedding.

With a Portrait and Memoir of G. COLMAN the Elder.

VOL. VI.

41. Speed the Plough,
42. Romeo and Juliet,
43. Feudal Times,
44. Charles the Twelfth,
45. The Bridal,
46. The Follies of a Night,
47. The Iron Chest,
48. Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.

With a Portrait and Memoir of E. BULWER LYTTON.

VOL. VII.

49. Road to Ruin,
50. Macbeth,
51. Temper,
52. Evadne,
53. Bertram,
54. The Duenna,
55. Much Ado About Nothing,
56. The Critic.

With a Portrait and Memoir of R. B. SHERIDAN.

VOL. VIII.

57. The Apostate,
58. Twelfth Night,
59. Brutus,
60. Simpson & Co.,
61. Merchant of Venice,
62. Old Heads and Young Hearts,
63. Mountaineers,
64. Three Weeks after Marriage.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr. GEO. H. BARRETT.

VOL. IX.

65. Love,
66. As You Like It,
67. The Elder Brother,
68. Werner,
69. Gisippus,
70. Town and Country,
71. King Lear,
72. Blue Devils.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mrs. SHAW.

VOL. X.

73. Henry VIII.,
74. Married and Single,
75. Henry IV.,
76. Paul Pry,
77. Guy Mannering,
78. Sweethearts and Wives,
79. Serious Family,
80. She Stoops to Conquer.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Miss. C. CUSHMAN.

VOL. XI.

81. Julius Cæsar,
82. Vicar of Wakefield,
83. Leap Year,
84. The Catspaw,
85. The Passing Cloud,
86. Drunkard,
87. Rob Roy,
88. George Barnwell.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mrs. JOHN SEFTON.

VOL. XII.

89. Ingomar,
90. Sketches in India,
91. Two Friends,
92. Jane Shore,
93. Corsican Brothers,
94. Mind your own Business
95. Writing on the Wall,
96. Heir at Law,

With a Portrait and Memoir of THOMAS HAMBLIN.

VOL. XIII.

97. Soldier's Daughter,
98. Douglas,
99. Marco Spada,
100. Nature's Nobleman,
101. Surdanapalus,
102. Civilization,
103. The Robbers,
104. Katharine & Petruchio.

With a Portrait and Memoir of EDWIN FOREST.

VOL. XIV.

105. Game of Love, [Dream.
106. A Midsummer Night's
107. Ernestine,
108. Ring Picker of Paris,
109. Flying Dutchman,
110. Hypocrite,
111. Therese,
112. La Tour de Nesle.

With a Portrait and Memoir of JOHN BROUGHAM.

VOL. XV.

113. Ireland as it is,
114. Sea of Ice,
115. Seven Clerks,
116. Game of Life,
117. Forty Thieves
118. Bryan Boroihme,
119. Romance and Reality,
120. Ugolino.

With a Portrait and Memoir of BARNEY WILLIAMS.

[Catalogue continued on third page of cover.]

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

No. CLXVIII.



THE

LOVE OF A PRINCE :

OR,

THE COURT OF PRUSSIA.

A

DRAMA,

IN

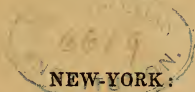
THREE ACTS.

ALTERED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY

CHARLES GAYLER,

Author of "The Gold Hunters," "All a Mistake," "The Frightened Friend," "A Leaf from the Black Book," "Taking the Chances," "The Son of the Night," &c. &c.



SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU-ST.—UP STAIRS.

2857

Cast of the Characters.—(THE LOVE OF A PRINCE.)

<i>King Frederick William</i> , (of Prussia.)	- -	Mr. Burnett,
<i>Prince Charles Frederick</i> , (his son.)	- -	Miss Laura Keene,
<i>Baron Koppen Nicken</i> , (King's Chamberlain.)	Mr. T. B. Johnstone,	
<i>Count Saxendorf</i> , (of Austria.)	- -	F. C. Wemyss,
<i>Gen. Sturner</i> , (of Frederick's army.)	- -	Stoddart,
<i>Count Gustave</i> , (a Lieutenant of King's Guard.)	- -	Lingham,
<i>Stolbach</i> , (an old soldier.)	- -	McDougall,
<i>Gen. Baumer</i> ,	- -	Benson,
<i>Col. Brunner</i> ,	- -	Harcourt,
<i>Jean</i> , (a miller.)	- -	F. M. Kent,
<i>Fritz</i> , (miller's boy.)	- -	Reeve,
<i>Officer of Guard</i> ,	- -	Jackson.

Soldiers, Officers, Guards, Courtiers, Peasants, &c.

<i>Queen Sophia</i> ,	- - - -	Mrs. H. P. Grattan,
<i>Elizabeth</i> , (Princess of Brunswick.)	- -	Miss Julia Manners,
<i>Louise</i> , (wife of Gen. Sturner.)	- -	Ada Clifton,
<i>Christine</i> , (Miller's wife.)	- -	Jefferson.

Pages, Ladies of Honor, Peasants, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left of Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Seven, by CHAS. GAYLER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

PS 1739
G 12 L 6

Costumes.—(THE LOVE OF A PRINCE.)

KING.—Blue uniform, turned up with buff, cane, three-cornered hat, high boots and leather breeches.

PRINCE.—The uniform of a Sergeant in the King's Guard, powdered wig. *Second dress*—Full court costume. *Third dress*—Undress uniform.

GUSTAVE.—Lieutenant's uniform of the King's Guard, gaiters, powdered wig.

GENERAL STURNER.—Blue uniform, turned up with red, powdered wig, gaiters and black buttons, belt and brass gorget.

STOLBACH.—The dress of a corporal in the same regiment; gray wig.

SAXENDORF.—Dark velvet court dress, powdered wig, cane, three-cornered hat.

BARON KOPPEN NICKEN.—Full court dress, with powdered wig.

JEAN.—Full trunks, blouse, hat with ribbon. *Second dress*—Brown top jacket, trunks.

OFFICERS.—Dressed as officers; the same as Sturner and Gustave.

FRITZ.—Full trunks and short blouse, cap.

QUEEN.—Black velvet train, trimmed with point lace.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—*First dress*—Gray travelling pelisse. *Second dress*—Full court dress train; under-dress flounced with lace.

LOUISE.—*First dress*—Demi train of silk, plain color. *Second dress*—Satin do., under dress, trimmed with lace.

CHRISTINE.—Red merino petticoat, striped with black velvet, high white chemisette, black velvet boddice, lined with blue; small apron, German cap, with long black velvet ribbons.

VILLAGERS.—Same as Christine.

MEN.—Same as Jean.

SOLDIERS OF THE KING'S GUARD.—Blue and buff.

SOLDIERS OF GENERAL'S REGIMENT.—Blue and red, white gaiters and black buttons, brass gorgets, black belts, powdered wig.

THE LOVE OF A PRINCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Mill of Sans-Souci—on the right the house of Jean Fisch, the miller—a flight of steps, under which is a trap-door—Back a Landscape, with a rustic bridge—Tables, chairs, bags of flour, and other things appertaining to a Mill.*

CHRISTINE and the MILLER'S BOY discovered.

Chris. [*On the steps.*] Are you sure that what you tell me is true?

Boy. [*On the platform.*] Yes, ma'am.

Chris. Uncle William cannot come, eh?

Boy. No, ma'am.

Chris. Nor Cousin Martha either?

Boy. Neither one nor the other. Aunt Flickman is so very sick that she finds herself quite indisposed, and Father William and his daughter have gone to see her. When I arrived there early this morning, to bring them in the wagon, I found no one.

Chris. Well, that *is* nice—we shall have neither godfather nor godmother at the christening, and there is my husband now, down in the cellar, actually tapping the beer to drink long life to the little Peter!

Boy. [*Filling a sack.*] Oh, as for the beer, don't let that trouble you. It shan't spoil while I am about.

Chris. [*Calling down trap.*] Jean! Jean!

Jean. [*Appearing at trap.*] Here I am; don't get into a fidget. I have only eleven kegs more to tap. Such beer as the king never drank.

Chris. Ah, my poor Jean, you have tapped already more than we shall want.

Jean. How's that, eh?

Chris. Why?—why because the christening can't go on.

Jean. Chris—Christine—eh? what? Can't go on? What do you mean?

[*Comes up trap.*]

Boy. Oh, it's so distressing!

Chris. [*To Boy.*] Go about your business, you croaker.

Boy. All right!

[*Goes about his work with the sacks.*]

Jean. [*Agitated.*] The christening can't go on!

Chris. Alas, no! Our uncle and cousin are obliged to remain with Aunt Flickman, who is sick.

Jean. A nice time to be sick. She ought to be ashamed of herself to fall sick just as my magnificent christening is to come off, and I have

invited everybody at Sans-Souci—when I have killed five buck rabbits and my two pet roosters, and when I have tapped twenty kegs of Hoekerland beer!

[*Rubbing his hands.*]

Chris. It is shockingly provoking!

Boy. Ma'am, ma'am! here come your boarders.

ELIZABETH and COUNT SAXENDORF are seen approaching in a small boat on the river—then enter in boat, L. U. E. JEAN and CHRISTINE retire up.

Eliz. [*Stepping on shore.*] Take care, dear uncle. [*Assisting the COUNT to step on shore.*] Go slowly. You are not used to boating, you know.

Count. That is very true, my child, and shows how good-natured I am, to run the risk of breaking my neck to gratify all your little caprices on land and water.

Eliz. Ah, you are so good!

Count. Well, I hope you will recompense my goodness by making our stay in this mill as short as possible. It may be very agreeable, and all that, to you, but I must confess, that it does not exactly accord with my ideas either of dignity or comfort.

Eliz. Don't you enjoy the picturesqueness of the view?

Count. To be sure; all very fine—the finest in all Prussia, but at my age the most picturesque landscape in the world I find at a comfortable fire-side.

Eliz. Come, come, don't be cross and ill-natured now, I only ask you to stop two days longer.

Count. We have been here already four days, living in this uncomfortable mill. If it were a hotel, I would not mind.

Eliz. [*Decidedly.*] Our carriage, perhaps, is not yet completely repaired, and then I have not yet seen all I wish to see at Sans-Souci. [*Aside.*] Or as yet accomplished all that I wish.

Count. [*Smiling.*] The uncle obeys the niece! The world is topsyturvy.

Eliz. [*Seeing JEAN and CHRISTINE*] Ah, here are our good host and hostess; what is the matter with them? they seem quite disappointed.

Chris. [*Sighing.*] We are indeed, and with good reason, my lady.

Eliz. What is the matter?

Jean. Imagine our disappointment. The christening was fixed for this morning—such a splendid child! The image of its father! The guests were invited, the beer tapped, five rabbits and two roosters slaughtered, when, all of a sudden, our arrangements are upset, just on account of old Aunt Flickman.

Chris. Here we are without a godfather or godmother for the poor baby.

Eliz. Is that all? Oh, if a godmother and godfather are all you want to make you happy, and you will accept of me, stranger to you as I am, I shall be happy to—

Jean. What! you? you, madam?

Boy. What! you?

Chris. [*Curtseying.*] Oh, madam, you are too kind—

Eliz. No thanks. When is the ceremony to take place?

Chris. Immediately. [*Music at distance.*] Here come our friends and neighbors now. [*Aside to JEAN.*] Go and put on your best coat.

Jean. Here's a lucky chance! The Queen of the Fairies must have had a hand in bringing it about.

[*Male and female PEASANTS come on from different entrances, some in small boats on the river, and others over the bridge. JEAN and CHRISTINE receive them joyfully, shaking hands, &c.*

Count. [*Aside to ELIZABETH.*] Another freak added to the account of your follies.

Eliz. If our journey here has not afforded us any enjoyment, think how happy it will have made these good people.

Chris. [*To JEAN.*] Go and put on your coat, do.

Jean. I'm going. [*Shaking hands and talking to the PEASANTS.*

Enter the BARON DE KOPPEN NICKEN, in undress uniform, R. U. E.

Baron. What are all these idlers, fools and jackasses doing here? She don't seem to be at all overcome when the great Baron Koppen Nicken honors them by deigning to come into such a hole. Do they not know I am the king's chamberlain?

[*All the PEASANTS retire out of his way, and show signs of fear, but not of respect. The BARON comes down, and confronts ELIZABETH.*

Eliz. [*Aside.*] What a queer figure! [*To the BARON, ironically.*] Please excuse these poor peasants, Monsieur le Baron. They did not expect the honor of such a visit, and in their ignorance they took you for a mere ordinary man, [*Aside to COUNT.*] Very ordinary, indeed!

Baron. Stupid fools! [*To PEASANTS.*] Stand back, rascals! Get along with you! I am here on business of the state, and your vulgar ears must be shut. Out of the way! Hem! [*Struts about.*

Chris. [*To JEAN.*] Now, do go and put on your other coat!

Jean. Well, well, I'll go. That wonderful baby will have a god-mother, after all. [*Pushing JEAN. Exit in house.*

Baron. [*Taking CHRISTINE aside.*] Are you the mistress of this mill?

Chris. Yes, if you please, Baron!

Baron. [*Confidentially.*] Who are these strangers?

Chris. Only two travellers.

Baron. And who are these travellers?

Chris. They seem to be strangers——

Baron. Well——

Chris. Who come from Vienna.

Baron. Do you know anything else about them?

Chris. Yes. Their carriage broke down near here, and they have done us the honor to accept our hospitality, as there is no hotel in the neighborhood.

Baron. And they have seen no one but you and your husband, during their stay here?

Chris. No one—not a soul!

Eliz. [*Aside to the COUNT.*] He is making inquiries about us. [*Going.*

to the BARON.] We consider ourselves very fortunate, in this out of the way place, in finding at least one person who is civilized. My uncle and myself are travelling for pleasure and information, and we could not find one better qualified to guide us, than so courtly and distinguished a gentleman as yourself. [*Aside.*] That will smooth the ruffled feathers of this strutting poppinjay!

Baron. [*Bowing.*] I am entirely at your service, madam. Excuse me, but you must know, that, by the august direction of the king, my gracious master, it is necessary that I should be cognizant of everything which transpires in Sans-Souci.

Eliz. [*Gaily.*] Your gracious master, did you say? You only—between ourselves—you speak of him as gracious master, from courtesy. The old King, Frederick William, is not considered the best-natured or most gracious personage in the world.

Baron. [*Smiling.*] You are right. His majesty is a little strict, especially in his military discipline—and sometimes he proceeds to extremities.

[*Motioning with his cane, as if going to strike some one.*]
Eliz. And does his young son, Frederick, inherit his father's sweet disposition?

Baron. Not exactly. He is a philosopher, poet, and very fine musician.

Chris. Oh, madam! although we do not, know him, they say he is such a gay, lively, handsome young man! Just the reverse of his cross old—of—of—the other!

Baron. Holloa! my good woman! You had better keep your tongue quiet. You must not make such high comparisons.

Eliz. I have been told that the young prince has a great predilection for a small estate in the neighborhood of this mill, which his mother, the Queen Sophia, lately gave him.

Baron. The young Prince retires to this estate, for the purpose of devoting himself to the study of the fine arts and philosophy.

Count. [*With a side look at ELIZABETH.*] Such an existence must be very seductive.

[*Enter JEAN from the mill, dressed in his best clothes, and very much agitated.*]

Jean. Oh, my! Oh, Lord! What have we all been about, not to have thought of it before?

Chris. Thought of what?

Jean. We are a set of apes—no offence to these illustrious persons. We are apes! We have a godmother, but no godfather! Oh my—oh Lord!

Chris. [*Surprised.*] What shall we do? The christening cannot go on without a godfather!

Eliz. I am sure that the distinguished Baron Koppen Nicken will not refuse to stand with me, as sponsor for the child!

Jean. Oh, Monsieur Le Baron! A superb child—named Peter. He is just seven months and a half old, and is the image of me!

Baron. I am very sorry not to be able to comply with your request, my lady—but I, the chamberlain of his majesty, cannot be godfather

to a peasant's child. The king would be offended, and I might lose my golden key. [Goes up.]

Eliz. [To the COUNT.] Dear Uncle, you must gratify another little whim of mine.

Count. Impossible! [Turns away.]

Chris. Only think, sir, of our situation! We cannot take Fritz, the mill-boy, for godfather to the dear child; and——

Jean. [In despair.] Oh, Lord! I don't believe there is a single godfather in all the kingdom of Prussia: Oh, for a godfather! Anything like a godfather! A piece of a godfather, only!—if he was not bigger than my thumb!

PRINCE FREDERICK, *in the costume of a Sergeant of the King's guard, appears upon the bridge.*

Fred. What's the matter? Who wants a godfather? This way—look here for one. Present! [Making military salute.]

Jean. [Excited.] Ha! ha! A godfather has fallen from heaven!

Fred. [Who has come down from the bridge.] Does not every good thing come from there?

Omnes Peasants. Oh! what a handsome little fellow!

Chris. What a perfect love of a sergeant!

Fred. [To JEAN.] Are you the proprietor of this mill?

Jean. Yes, sir.

Fred. Give me your hand, I'll be a godfather for your child! I have heard of you; you are an honest fellow, and that is enough for me.

Jean. Ah, sir, you do me great honor!

Eliz. [Aside to the COUNT.] This little soldier has a frank and noble look.

Count. Are you going to stand as godmother with a common sergeant?

Eliz. And why not?

Baron. [Aside to FREDERICK.] Mind what you are about!

Fred. Hush! I must not be recognized!

Baron. I am dumb!

Fred. And listen. Go and bring me twenty ducats' worth of Berlin bon-bons.

Baron. I go with enthusiasm to serve you. If I am found out I shall lose my golden key. [Exit BARON over bridge.]

Fred. [Going to ELIZABETH.] You are going to be mother and I father, eh? I shall always thank my lucky stars for directing me to this spot!

Eliz. You quite confuse me. It really seems as if the gallantry of the old times had found a home among the sub-officers of the Prussian army.

Fred. Madam, you——

Eliz. May I ask your name?

Fred. I am called Frederick, madam!

Eliz. Only Frederick? [Aside.] I am sure he is more than he seems.

Fred. May I be as curious as you? May I know the name of the

amiable lady who deigns to accept for her companion, in the ceremony, a simple sergeant of the Guards?

Eliz. My name is Elizabeth!

Fred. Only Elizabeth?

Eliz. Only Elizabeth, at present; but allow me to introduce to you my uncle, the Count of Saxendorf.

Fred. [*Bowing.*] The name of the Count is not unfamiliar to us. [*To the PEASANTS.*] Well, come, is this christening going to take place to-day?

Jean. Everything is ready, Sergeant!

Chris. And here comes our friend Carl, to tell us so!

Fred. Forward—march! ring the bells—fire the guns; this christening must receive all the honors!

Omnes Peasants. Long life to the godfather and godmother!

Fred. [*Going among the PEASANT GIRLS, and patting their cheeks.*] The girls are pretty, here! [*Goes to CHRISTINE.*] Well, my floury beauty! Jean! is this pretty-looking lady-bird your wife? I congratulate you. [*Aside.*] Confound the strictness of my father's discipline—I have been missing lots of fun!

Enter COUNT GUSTAVE, in the uniform of a Lieutenant, on the bridge.

Fred. [*Offering his arm to ELIZABETH.*] Come—will you honor me? Let us go.

[*Music behind.—The PEASANTS form in procession to go out. Enter GUSTAVE, from bridge, showing surprise at seeing FREDERICK in such company.*]

Gus. What is this?—a wedding going on?

Fred. Better than that, good Lieutenant. It is a christening—I am the godfather, and I invite you; so give your arm to the miller's pretty wife, and—*vive la joie!*

Gus. [*Aside to FREDERICK.*] I have something serious to say to you.

Fred. Pshaw! I do not wish to hear anything serious to-day.

Gus. But it is of great importance, and very pressing.

Fred. I do not know of anything more important than a christening.

Gus. I assure you that I must speak with you privately this moment. Nay, if necessary, I must command you, as your officer, to obey me!

Fred. I will merely remark, Lieutenant, that I am just released from eight days' arrest, and am, at present, not on duty. [*Taking him aside.*] Now, don't bother me, there's a good fellow—I am very busy with the part of godfather, and falling in love as fast as I can.

Gus. The more reason why I should interrupt you, for it is my duty to tell you that—

Fred. Go to the deuce! I won't listen to anything. [*Aloud.*] Friend Carl, head the procession, and make me a godfather as fast as possible.

[*The procession forms, CARL at the head. JEAN suddenly rushes to mill, and brings out baby.*]

Jean. What were we all about? Going to a christening without the baby!

[*CHRISTINE and JEAN, next to CARL, followed by FRED. and ELIZA-*

BETH, *the* PEASANTS *forming, two and two, singing as they go off.*]

CHORUS.

Happy day—let's away—
While the bells shall be ringing;
Come away—haste away—
Joyously singing.

Count. Well, I suppose I shall have to follow them, to see that she does not compromise herself and me. This it is to be a slave to the caprices of a woman! [*Exit COUNT, with procession.*]

Gus. (L.) He calls himself a philosopher, and allows his folly to carry him away thus. I came to warn him, and he tells me to go to the deuce.

[*Enter BARON, L. U. E., out of breath, and carrying a number of bon-bon boxes.*]

Baron. Oh, oh! What? Gone? What am I going to do with all these boxes!

Gus. [*Laughing.*] Ah! my dear Baron! You carry about with you all the sweetness of the kingdom! Did you rob all the confectioners of Berlin!

Baron. Could I refuse to obey the orders of the Prince Royal? Do you understand that? But I am tired, out of breath, and exhausted. You have no idea, my dear Lieutenant, how extremely heavy bon-bons are!

Gus. Heavy on the stomach?

Baron. No, in the arms; and besides, if the king knew that I had taken ever so small a part in such a silly ceremony, I should lose my golden key!

Gus. Oh, pshaw! Where the deuce, do you think, our well-beloved sovereign can ever find another chamberlain so zealous and so efficient as you are! You execute his most disagreeable orders, submit to his ill humor and his whims. Oh, no, he can never replace the Baron Koppen Nicken!

Baron. [*Seriously.*] Nothing could interfere with my passive obedience to my master.

Gus. I suppose his Majesty has told you the great secret about the Prince Frederick?

Baron. [*Astonished.*] No! He has told me nothing!

Gus. Well, as *he* has told you nothing, I must not be indiscreet.

Baron. Oh, for the Lord's sake, help me to get rid of this load of sweets.

Gus. You are loaded like an artillery mule.

Baron. Exactly so. [*GUSTAVE helps him to put the boxes down.*]

Gus. This is enough to sweeten a whole village.

Baron. Now, my dear Lieutenant, I wish you a good morning. I do not wish to compromise myself any further. [*Brushing his arms, one after the other.*] I must take care not to have even the smell of those

cursed candies about me, for if his Majesty should even suspect me, I should be in danger of losing my golden key!

[Exit. L. U. E., and then over bridge.

Gus. Excellent Baron! He may lose his key, because he has it, but I defy him to lose his brains!

[Music.

[Shouts and noise of guns outside, and enter procession from over bridge, singing chorus as before.

Omnes Peasants. Long life to the godfather and godmother!

Fred. And the little baby, which you forget—a good fat, plump baby, and the image of its father. Shout, long life to the little Peter!

Omnes Peasants. Hurrah for little Peter!

Jean. Don't forget the cause of all this joy—the baby is only a consequence—so, give a cheer for the father and mother!

Chris. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Fred. [Seeing the boxes of bon-bons.] Ah, here are the bon-bons. The baron has fulfilled my commission to the very letter.

[Opens box of bon-bons, and filling his hands scatters them among the PEASANTS, who scramble for them: then, selecting two boxes, presents one to CHRISTINE and the other to ELIZABETH.

[To ELIZABETH.] Ah, my dear little godwife, I am afraid that at the bottom of this box you will discover what I have lost—a heart.

Eliz. Why, Mr. Frederick, this looks like a declaration!

Fred. And what if it is? You know, coming from a poor sergeant, it is of no consequence.

Eliz. [Aside.] Sergeants are not all alike, though.

Chris. While the feast is preparing, let us have a dance in honor of this auspicious day.

Jean. A glorious feast—five rabbits and two roosters, besides twenty kegs of beer!

Fred. A dance! certainly—a good idea. [To ELIZABETH,] My dear godwife, you cannot refuse me the honor. [To GUSTAVE, aside.] Come, old fellow, don't look so glum, but go and dance with the miller's pretty wife.

Gus. [Aside.] But, Prince, I must say that—

Fred. Hush! There is no prince here! You will spoil sport. The sergeant has already received half a dozen languishing looks, and such a delicious squeeze of the hand.

Chris. Come, take your places.

[All form for a dance; the MILLER'S BOY mounts a barrel and plays the fife. FREDERICK puts his fingers to his ears.

Fred. What horrible noise is this? Come down there, you ear-splitter. Thank fortune I happen to have my flute with me.

[Takes flute from pocket, and jumping on barrel commences to play.

Chris. What! do you play on the flute?

Fred. Yes; pretty well—for a sergeant, you know.

A Dance.—FREDERICK plays flute—Towards the close of the dance, the KING, the BARON, a Guard, and some Officers enter—The KING is unobserved by the PEASANTS, and, as he walks among them, the dancers form a circle and begin to dance round him; suddenly they recognize the KING, and the dance ceases.

Omnes. The king!

King. What are you doing here, idlers? Is this a holiday? And you, sir. [*To FRED.*] Have you turned minstrel, or mountebank? The Prince Royal!

Omnes. [*In astonishment.*] The Prince Royal!

Fred. Your Majesty, I am here, but as a sergeant of the Guards, who amuses himself like a sergeant.

King. You forget your dignity. Playing the flute upon a barrel! For shame!

Fred. It is only my way of raising myself above your other subjects! You would not have me on their level!

[*The KING looks at ELIZABETH suspiciously.*]

Eliz. [*To the COUNT.*] I think we had better retire. It would not be exactly apropos to be presented to his Majesty just now.

[*Goes to KING, leaning on the COUNT's arm; both make a deep reverence to the KING, and exit into house, L.*]

King. Who is this lady?

Chris. With your Majesty's permission, she is the godmother of our child.

Fred. Yes, she is the godmother of the little miller that is to be—the heir presumptive to this mill!

King. Pish! Some adventuress!

[*The PEASANTS retire, and the OFFICERS and GUARD approach nearer the KING.*]

Fred. [*Aside.*] She is alarmed! Alas! I shall never see her again!

King. [*To Officers of Guard.*] Gentlemen, you may return to Berlin. The guard is sufficient to accompany my carriage. Let everything be prepared for the grand review, to-morrow! The review will take place at day-break. Let every one be present. Discipline is becoming too slack! Officers absent themselves at night, in spite of my positive orders to the contrary. Absence from the ranks will be regarded and punished as desertion. Even if he were an officer—a general—a prince—my own son—he should not escape punishment. Go, gentlemen! [*To the Baron.*] Remain in the vicinity. I may require your services.

Baron. Yes, sire, I go with enthusiasm.

[*Bows, and exit.*]

[*Officers go off, L. 2 E.*]

King. [*To Peasants.*] Well, what are you all doing here? You lazy rascals, to work, every one of you! And you, women, to your pots, pans, and kitchens! Away with you! Go at once! [*Flourishes cane.*] Away with you, every one, about your business.

[*All go off, except KING and FRED.*]

King. [*Sitting down.*] Now sir, what do you mean? I have made you a sergeant, and you behave yourself like a corporal!

Fred. Enjoyment doesn't depend on the grade, sire.

King. And when I look for you, at your estate at Sans-Souci, to speak with you on state affairs, I find you acting like a fool, with a lot of boorish rustics in a mill.

Fred. Speak of state affairs to me, sire!

King. Yes, sir, and it seems they must be discussed in a mill. Be

it so! You are now twenty years old. Kings have reigned ere that age.

Fred. [*Bowing.*] I would rather not be king yet, sire!

King. Nor would I have you so, faith, just yet! But to the point. I have thought of an alliance for you, which will not only add to your happiness, but conduce to the national prosperity.

Fred. What? my father! Would you have me marry?

King. [*Rising.*] You are married to all intents and purposes, already, by proxy—my ambassador at Bremen having contracted an alliance for you with a niece of the Emperor Charles the Sixth—a beautiful girl; young, thoroughly accomplished, and a member of one of the noblest houses in Austria!

Fred. [*Surprised.*] What, sire!—I? Married, without ever having seen my wife, even in paint?

King. It is a splendid match!—An opportunity not to be neglected.

Fred. Then you marry me for the good of the state?

King. Of course. This marriage puts an end to the war with Poland, and secures me half of Silesia.

Fred. [*Aside.*] And I am the price of this bargain?

King. Under these circumstances, I raise you to the rank of Lieutenant, although you have not yet served out your time as sergeant.

Fred. [*Bowing.*] Thank you for the promotion. It is a very delicate attention on your part—but as for the princess, my wife by proxy, she may go to the devil; for I refuse her, most decidedly and positively.

[*Crosses.*

King. [*In a rage.*] What, sir—refuse? Do you know what you are saying? Would you dare to rebel against my wishes?

Fred. My life, sire, as your soldier, belongs to you—command it when you please—but my heart is my own. You cannot dispose of that. This marriage, based upon political ambition, is hateful to my thoughts, and I will not sacrifice the best feelings of my nature, by swearing to love and cherish one whom I should detest and abhor. The poorest laborer in Prussia can marry where he loves, and be happy with the object of his love, but I—I must prove traitor to my own heart, be without soul, because I am a royal prince. Father, if you want Silesia, fight for it. Do not purchase it with my happiness. No arm shall strike for it harder or oftener than mine—and as for Austria, do not marry her, but beat her like a general—like a king.

King. [*Aside.*] He has more energy than I thought. I am glad I have touched this cord. Think, sir—reflect, Lieutenant Frederick, on your duties. The Princess is expected here every moment. Remember, that within eight days, you will be married.

[*Exit KING and GUARDS, R. 1 E.*

Fred. Married within eight days!

[*JEAN, CHRISTINE and BOY peep from side.*

Chris. He is gone!

Enter PEASANTS from different entrances. ELIZABETH and the COUNT also come in.

Fred. [*To ELIZABETH.*] Well, my pretty godwife, the storm is over!

Eliz. Ay, but it may break out again.

Fred. Your lovely eyes will disperse it.

Jean. [Looks off after KING.] *Bon voyage* to your majesty. Ha! ha! The carriage of his majesty looks like a watch-box!

[Military music outside. A detachment of soldiers, headed by GUSTAVE, cross the bridge and come down—the PEASANTS rush to look at them, and make way when they come on.

Fred. Well, here is my company from Potsdam.

[Goes to meet SOLDIERS—takes command of company, forms them in line and drills them.

Fred. [To GUSTAVE.] I usurp your place, dear Lieutenant; but I am now your equal in grade.

Gust. Really!

Fred. [To SOLDIERS.] Yes, brave fellows, by the royal commission, dated not five minutes since. I am your lieutenant!

Omnes. [PEASANT and SOLDIERS.] Hurrah! hurrah! Lurrah!

[FREDERICK drills the company.

Fred. [After the drill.] And now, my brave fellows, it is fit that we should inaugurate this day. Come, friend Jean, let us have the best in your cellar!

Omnes. Hurrah for the Prince Royal!

Fred. Never mind the Prince, that will spoil all.

[SOLDIERS mix with the PEASANTS—JEAN and CHRISTINE bring on wine and cups, and distribute them to the SOLDIERS.

Eliz. [To the COUNT.] Is he not charming?

Fred. [To GUSTAVE.] Now, my dear fellow, I know all that you would have told me, but I am already in love, and will brave all, even the anger of the King, for her who has won my heart.

[Goes to ELIZABETH—GUSTAVE takes COUNT aside.

Jean. Here is wine and beer enough to float a ship. Drink to the Prince Royal and the Little Peter!

Fred. Pour out, Christine, and forget none. Drink, boys, drink! [T ELIZABETH.] I dare not speak all that my heart prompts me to say; but I love you—the Prince Royal adores you more than the sergent Frederick.

Eliz. What can I say?—think of your rank!

Fred. I renounce that rank! I am in love and a philosopher—I prefer happiness to a throne.

Enter the BARON, followed by a SOLDIER bearing a pair of gold epaulettes on a cushion.

Baron. I am commanded by his Majesty to place this distinguishing mark of your new grade upon your shoulders. [Places epaulettes on shoulders of FREDERICK.]—[To ELIZABETH.] But I have a more disagreeable duty to perform. His Majesty bade me to request your ladyship to leave this neighborhood instantly.

Eliz. I shall obey. [Bows ironically to BARON, and is going.

Fred. [Rushing to her.] Go not from me.

Eliz. It is the king's command.

Fred. And shall I never see you? May I not follow you?

Eliz. Alas! no. I return to Paris, where you cannot follow.

[*Aside.*] He must not know that I am going to Berlin. Come, uncle, let us go at once. Farewell: perhaps we may meet again.

[*Exit ELIZABETH and BARON, L. 2 E.*

Fred. This is too much. Chained to one I know not, while the one I adore is driven away with insult. I will not bear it. [*To GUSTAVE*] I will fly.

Gus. Where?

Fred. Where? To Paris! Wherever she may go. I am decided. Gustave, will you follow me?

Gus. I will—but allow me to stop one moment at a place a few miles from here. I must bid farewell to—

Fred. Whom?

Gus. [*Embarrassed.*] Some one.

Fred. I understand. Then it is decided;—we go to-night. [*To SOLDIERS, &c.*] And now, boys, drink!

[*JEAN and CHRISTINE pour out wine for SOLDIERS.*

CHORUS.

Drink! drink! drink boys, drink!
 Drink to our future king!
 Clink, clink, the cup, boys, clink!
 And make the welkin ring.

Tableau—FREDERICK and GUSTAVE on Bridge.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The summer residence of General Sturner, ten miles from Berlin—A park, very thickly wooded—A wall at back—A small pavilion, L.*

GENERAL STURNER and LOUISE, (*his wife*), discovered. *The General is seated on a rustic bench, and is watching LOUISE, who stands upon the steps of the pavilion. Time, sunset: During the scene, the moon rises.*

Sturner. [*Aside.*] Always dreaming! Always preoccupied! I left her thus, and thus I find her. [*To LOUISE.*] Countess!

Louise. General!

Sturner. What is the matter with you?

Louise. The matter with me?

Sturner. Come and sit by me. I would speak with you. Why are you not as frank with me as I am with you? Tell me plainly your thoughts, as I tell you mine. There should be no secrets between us.

Louise. What secret have I from you?

Sturner. None, I am sure, that you would not confide to me; but, upon what are you so continually brooding? Why do I find you thus,

as I left you three weeks ago, when I went to Vienna, to demand the hand of the young princess for our future sovereign. To see you wear a sorrowful face at my departure, was natural, but to see the same look on my return—this is what causes my anxiety. Come, repose in me; what is weighing upon your heart? Is it the mystery with which I have surrounded our marriage? [*Rising.*] That mystery is as necessary now as ever—nay, more so. When I sought your hand, Louise, I knew the world well enough to be aware, that the union of a man sixty years of age with a young wife of but twenty-two summers, would be a subject for the ridicule of my friends. Still I looked forward to much happiness. But *you* are not happy. Does your melancholy spring from the solitude in which you live? Do you long to visit Berlin? or regret its pleasures and its gaiety?

Louise. Have I ever asked to visit it? or—

Sturner. [*Excitedly.*] Visit Berlin?—I will not disguise from you the fact, that I am jealous of the admiration of others.

[*STOLBACH appears at back, but seeing the GENERAL and LOUISE, stops and watches them.*]

Louise. Then we will never go,—never go near that gay world—that court. How can I regret its pleasures when I have never known them? No, rather I should regret, were I there, this lovely sky, this gorgeous landscape, these old ancestral trees, beneath whose shadows I can sit and dream away the hours.

Sturner. [*Observing her.*] 'Tis to the past, then, that I must look to solve the mystery. It may be that in your union with me, you severed other ties that were more dear—more—

Louise. [*Embarrassed.*] Sir! sir!

Sturner. [*Seizes her hand.*] Ah! you hesitate—you—

[*STOLBACH takes a step forward—the GENERAL hears the footstep.* Ah! who is that? [*Seeing STOLBACH.—Aside.*] He here! What do you here?

Stol. I was merely passing, and—

Sturner. Pass, and begone!

Stol. I am going, General. [*Aside.*] I have arrived in time. She was on the verge of betraying herself.

Sturner. Stay! on second thoughts, remain. [*Aside.*] I must question him. [*To LOUISE.*] I will detain you no longer.

Louise. [*Aside to GENERAL.*] I hope, General, that a conversation so painful—so exciting to both of us, will never be renewed.

[*GENERAL takes her to pavillion.—Exit LOUISE into pavillion.*]

Sturner. Approach! What has happened here during my absence?

Stol. Nothing, General.

Sturner. Have there been no visitors at the chateau?

Stol. None, sir.

Sturner. You do not deceive me?

Stol. I! I deceive you? Listen to me, General. Six years ago, a soldier on guard saw his bride pass his post, leaning upon the arm of one who he knew would have betrayed her. Stung by jealousy and rage, the soldier leveled his carbine and sprang towards him. To his surprise and dismay he found himself face to face with an officer, whose

approach he had not observed. The soldier was arrested on the spot. His offence, slight as it was, pronounced a capital one. He was condemned to die. The king signed his death-warrant. He had no friends to plead for him—no one but his mother and his General. To him that mother pleaded, and not in vain. The general interceded with the king, and—he was pardoned! You were that general—I was that soldier. From that hour I have been your slave—your dog. Deceive you? The friend might betray—the dog is faithful even until death.

Sturmer. I believe you. Yes, Stolbach, you are devotion itself,—I know it—I am assured of it.

[GENERAL gives his hand to STOLBACH, which he kisses.—Exit

GENERAL.—The stage grows gradually dark.

Stol. Yes, yes master, saviour—I know the secret which the countess in her confusion nearly allowed to pass her lips. I know that Gustave whom I once surprised here; but I was unarmed and he escaped me. Should he dare again approach, he shall die—not by the sword of the General, but by the dagger of his slave. [Retires up.

LOUISE appears at pavilion.

Hah! the countess! and still more confused than before. What seeks she here? I will not slacken my vigilance. The honor of the General shall be protected even at the cost of my life. [Exit STOLBACH, R.

Louise. [Coming down the steps cautiously.] No one here, yet? Then he will not come. He will keep his word: he promised that he would come no more. [Takes note from bosom.] Yet this note, which I have received, and which I have read with fear and trembling, this note announces to me— [GUSTAVE appears upon the wall.

Gus. [To FREDERICK, outside.] Yes, under the wall, by that group of trees.

Louise. 'Tis he!

Gus. [To FREDERICK.] The watch will likely pass soon again—be cautious, or we shall be discovered.

[Springs from wall, and approaches LOUISE.

Louise. You here?

Gus. Louise!

[Taking her hand.

Louise. [Endeavoring to break from him.] Is it thus you keep your word? you promised never to see me more.

Gus. For one whole month, which seemed to me an age, have I not kept my word? but, could I leave you for years, perhaps for ever—

Louise. Leave—

Gus. Without coming to bid you farewell.

Louise. Go away, did you say?—where?

Gus. I know not; to France—anywhere, wherever he may go, whom I have accompanied here.

Louise. [With anxiety.] You are not alone, then?

Gus. Do not fear—he knows nothing. I have not spoken one word of my intentions, even to him, from whom I have no secrets.

Louise. But who is he?

Gus. The Prince Frederick.

Louise. The Prince?

Gus. He is there ; he waits for me ; and this night, if our horses do not fail us, we shall cross the frontier.

Louise. The Prince leave Berlin—Prussia ! 'tis not possible ! Why this strange flight ?

Gus. A sudden impulse ; he would fly from a hateful marriage. Gustave, said he to me, will you follow me ? And as, after you, dear Louise, I love the young Prince more than all the world beside, I did not hesitate—I gave him my hand—we fled together !

Louise. You——

Gus. And then, if I may tell you all, I could endure to live no longer in Berlin. That love, which was so long my joy, is now my despair. In the name of duty and of honor, you have blighted my happiness and crushed that hope. You have exacted an oath not to appear in your presence, but, living so near you—but a few miles between me and her, who is my life—I felt I could not resist the temptation to see her—to speak to her—to brave every peril—every danger—even the greatest of all, the compromise of her honor. I doubted my own strength to resist all this ; and when the Prince asked me to go with him, it seemed as if he knew my danger, and had come to rescue me.

Louise. But do you not fear the anger of the King ? the terrible consequences of such a step ? It is——

Gus. I know it ; Frederick knows it also. But it is not desertion that throws away the sword and leaves the field of battle. In France, I may yet win back all that I may lose here.

Louise. Farewell, then—go, and forget me.

Gus. Forget thee—never ! 'tis impossible !

[*LOUISE sinks on seat—GUSTAVE falls on his knees before her—FREDERICK appears on wall, disguised in mantle, not seeing GUSTAVE and LOUISE, owing to the intervention of a group of trees.*

Fred. The lieutenant keeps his ex-sergeant too long. He should remember I am a lieutenant, now, as well as he, and that I am a prince at least, till we cross the frontier. What would my royal ancestors say now, to see me playing the groom in this way ? They would not feel flattered at the position of their descendant, I'm sure. But what the deuce has become of him ? I neither see nor hear him.

Gus. [*To LOUISE.*] Nay, I swear it.

Fred. Helloa ! I heard somebody swearing.

Louise. Gustave !

Fred. Ah, a woman's voice ! oh, the rogue ! no wonder he keeps me dangling here so long.

Louise. And you will not forget me ?

Gus. Never—oh, never !

Fred. [*Peeping about.*] But where the deuce are they concealed ? Have the turtle doves made a nest in the branches of the tree ? Let us see. No, they are not here—I'll reconnoitre. [*Comes down.*

Gus. Yes, dear Louise, I swear never to love any other woman than thee, by this hand. [*Taking her hand.*] I swear it ! [*Kisses hand.*

Fred. Ha ! what was that ? it sounded very like a kiss. Faith, it makes me feel very queer, myself. This sweet echo of love produces a kind of a sort of a—an alloverness. [*GUSTAVE kisses LOUISE'S hand*

again.] What, again? Am I to remain quietly here, to listen to sounds like that? Where the devil can they be? [*Seeing GUSTAVE and LOUISE.*] Ah! there they are. [*Retires cautiously.*] Oh, you selfish wretch!

Louise. Leave me, Gustave—leave me!—go!

Fred. [*Sitting down against a tree and folding his arms.*] By my father's cane, this is hardly fair. Three spoils company! Ah! if I only had a pretty face, a white, soft hand, a nice yielding waist, what a pretty little quartette we might make. But we are only three—'tis very incomplete! Heigho!

Gus. No, no, I will not go, Louise—I love you.

Fred. Oh, oh, oh! Louise!—I—no—not Louise—Christine—no—ah! Elizabeth—that's it—my charming god wife, how I love you! But she is not here—never mind, I'll imagine it. [*Embracing an imaginary form.*] Oh! my Elizabeth, I love you! That's cold comfort.

Gus. [*Kissing LOUISE's hand.*] Again, again, for the last time.

Fred. [*Imitating.*] Once more—oh, how nice it must be! [*LOUISE repels GUSTAVE.*] Ah! you grow cold—you fly from me—I fall on my knees. Where are you?—ah! there!—tell me that you love me—tell me all that is in your dear little heart, it will be such happiness to hear it from those sweet lips.

[*Imitating kissing.*]

Gus Louise! Louise!

Fred. Oh, Elizabeth! Oh, Lizzie! Oh! [*Embracing the air, and getting up.*] Imagination does something, after all. I feel better already.

Louise. Hush! Listen! I hear footsteps approaching!

[*Goes up stage, leading GUSTAVE, passing by FRED.*]

Fred. [*Jumping behind tree.*] I was nearly discovered!

Voice from the other side of wall. Hold! Stand there! 'Tis Stolbach's orders!

Louise. There is some one on the other side of the wall! Hush!

Gus. I will know who they are.

Louise. For Heaven's sake, forbear, or we are lost: this way! Come to the pavilion!

Gus. I shall see you, then, again! Say—shall I not?

Louise. You shall. But go.

[*GUSTAVE goes into pavilion. LOUISE shuts the door, locks it, and takes the key. STOLBACH comes on, R. LOUISE stands motionless.*]

Stol. Madame, the Countess!

Fred. [*Behind tree.*] The mystery thickens! Who can this be?

Louise. Well, sir, what is it?

Stol. [*Aside.*] He is there—he is there! [*Aloud.*] The General is looking for you everywhere, and is now coming this way.

Louise. [*Aside.*] The General! He must not come here! He must not suspect— [*STOLBACH approaches pavilion.*] What do you wish?

Stol. I? Nothing, madam. I only wished to assure myself that the pavilion was safely locked, as it should be, every night. [*Aside.*] She has taken the key!

Louise. Well, sir?

Stol. Does madam wish me to accompany her!

Louise. [*Perplexed.*] I? Oh, no. Why? I do not need you.
 [*Aside.*] If I send him hence, it will arouse his suspicions.

Stol. Shall I, then, announce to the General, that the Countess is here, in the park? [*Going.*]

Louise. [*Stopping him.*] No, no, it is not necessary. I will retire.
 [*Aside.*] When he goes, I can send my maid to open the door. Oh, Heavens! if he should have overheard! [*STOLBACH retires up, with an indifferent air, LOUISE watching him.*] No, no; thank Heaven! he suspects nothing. [*Exit, L.*]

Stol. [*Looking after her.*] He is there. I have him at last. He is mine!

Fred. [*From tree.*] There's going to be mischief here. What the devil is he after?

Stol. [*To men outside.*] Come hither to me, quick! [*Enter two men, armed with muskets.*] Hush! be silent!

Fred. There are three now. What does all this signify?

Stol. [*To men.*] A man is concealed in that pavilion. He must not come out alive. He is a villain!—a coward, a dishonorable scoundrel! You understand me!

Fred. Ha! What do I hear?

Stol. Burst open the door!

Fred. [*Bushing with drawn sword between the pavilion and the men.*] Not as long as I am here!

Stol. What! Another?

Fred. Back, on your lives!

Stol. Fire upon him!

FREDERICK attacks STOLBACH.—One of the men points a pistol at

FREDERICK—the other seizes him behind, and he is thrown down.

In the struggle FREDERICK'S epaulette falls on the stage.

Stol. You are powerless, puny boy, to save him!

Fred. He is lost! he is lost! No!—that noise! The tramp of horses!

Stol. 'Tis the guard passing!

[*The men let go their hold of FRED., exclaiming, "THE WATCH!" and run off, R. U. E.*]

Fred. [*Calling.*] Ho! Patrol! Hither, soldiers! In the name of the King, to the rescue! [*Rises.*]

Stol. What would you do?

Fred. Save him!

Stol. You will sacrifice him.

Fred. How?

Stol. You sacrifice your friend, and bring dishonor upon a woman.

Fred. Ah! The deuce! What shall I do?

Enter SOLDIERS, hastily.

Officer of the Guard. Who calls? What is the matter?

Fred. [*Aside.*] Ah, me! I have only one way of releasing him, without compromising her he loves. [*Aloud.*] Soldiers, I am a lieutenant! Within that pavilion is an officer of the army, who has de-

served his post! Arrest him! [*Soldiers break open door.*] [*Aside.*] Between two evils, I have chosen the least, come what may.

Gus. [*Entering from pavilion.*] Deserter! Who has dared to say it?

Fred. I! Bring him away!

Gus. He, my accuser? He, who should have defended me?

Fred. [*To SOLDIERS.*] Away, at once!

Stol. [*Aside.*] He escapes me again! By Heaven, he shall not!
[*Draws dagger, and is about to rush on GUSTAVE, when GENERAL*

STURNER enters, L.

Stol. The General!

Fred. [*To SOLDIERS.*] Away!

General. Hold! What means this excitement? These soldiers?

Stol. [*Aside.*] He must not know!

Gen. Answer, me, sirrah!

Stol. A deserter had taken refuge in your pavilion, and these soldiers have arrested him.

Gen. A deserter—here! In the night! [*Finds the epaulette of GUSTAVE. Starts—picks it up.*] The epaulette of an officer! [*In an excited tone.*] 'Tis false! My mind misgives! He is no deserter! Oh, Louise, Louise!
[GENERAL STURNER sinks upon seat.]

SCENE II.—[*1st Groove.*].—*Ante-chamber in the Palace of the KING, at Berlin.—Chairs, Tables, &c.—Enter KING, followed by BARON, at change. KING sits at table, R.—BARON stands, with papers, &c., in his hand.*

King. [*Examining paper, and throwing it on one side.*] Is this all? Have you no more important information to give me? You hold in your hand another report still!

Baron. This is indeed of more importance, for it is a military report, your Majesty!
[*Hands paper, which KING reads.*]

King. [*Rising, with energy.*] Thunder! What is this? A deserter Lieutenant Gustave! An officer of my guard arrested ten miles from Berlin, by the cavalry patrol, on a charge of desertion, made by an officer as yet unknown! [*Walking about stage, with cane, in an excited manner.*] A deserter!

Baron. [*Aside.*] He is in a terrible rage. Hem! I'll get out of the way.
[*Going.*]

King. [*Loudly.*] Remain! Ah! by the bones of my ancestors, this time I will make a terrible example! Yes! I swear—

[*Strikes cane on table, heavily.*]

Baron. [*Jumping.*] Oh! [*Aside.*] I'd much rather he'd vent his rage on the table than—

Enter QUEEN, followed by two ladies of honor, R. 1 E.

Queen. What is the matter, sire? The sound of your voice—

King. Astonishes you, no doubt. But, do you know what is going on, madam?

Baron. [*Aside.*] His rage increases! I think this would be a good time to retire—
[*Going*]

King. [*Loudly.*] Stay!

Baron. [*Starting.*] I obey your Majesty with enthusiasm.

King. [*To QUEEN.*] Do you hear, madam? As the sovereign of this kingdom, I have relied upon the strength of my army to support the dignity of my flag. To give that army strength, I have instructed it in discipline, until I believed it might set an example to any army in the world; and here, madam, within ten miles of my palace, under my very nose, as it were, an officer, a lieutenant of the guards, sets an example of desertion to my soldiers! [*Crossing and Re-crossing.*]

Queen. An officer!—a lieutenant! His name, sire? Pray, his name?

King. Name! What matter about his name? His name will be public enough, when it is posted upon every wall in Berlin, on the day on which he will be executed on the parade-ground, in the presence of the troops! Yes, yes—he need be in no doubt as to his fate.

Queen. But he may be able to explain before the court-martial—

King. Ay, ay!—the court-martial! Baron!

Baron. Sire!

King. Summon the court-martial instantly.

Baron. Sire!

Queen. Excuse me, sire; but there is, I believe, at the present moment, a more important affair.

King. A more important affair? No, madam—no! It is not possible that there should be a more important affair than the discipline of my army.

Queen. To-day, you know, the Princess of Brunswick arrives in Berlin.

King. Ah! True—true! This cursed business has driven everything out of my head! [*Sits on sofa. The QUEEN takes her seat also.* We must give the Princess a reception worthy of her and of ourselves. [*Rises.*] I am going to command a grand review.

Queen. A grand review?—what a reception for a young princess!

King. The King of Prussia, madame, receives his guests only at the head of his army. The nonsense I leave to you. You may give your balls and your fetes and all that sort of trash, in which my son takes so much delight.

Queen. Frederick

King. A ballad-monger, who makes verses, blows his melancholy into a flute, wears laces, but will never know how to use a sword. Ah! I shall leave Prussia in good hands. [*To BARON.*] Baron!

Baron. Sire!

King. Apprise the minister of war of what has happened, and summon the court martial at once. Come, Baron. You, madame, may lay out your plans for dancing upon the carpets of the palace; but I will have instead, the manœuvres of my grenadiers, and for my carpet the dust of the parade ground. Baron!—come!

Baron. [*Following him.—Aside.*] Thank goodness, he has not introduced his cane to my shoulders. [*Looking at table.*] Alas, poor table! it is my safety valve.

[*Exit KING and BARON, R. I E.*]

Queen. In what ironical and reproachful terms he speaks of my dear

son. If he knew that he passed last night out of the palace!—I know not why it makes me so uneasy—'tis already ten o'clock, and each moment increases my anxiety. [Exit QUEEN,

SCENE III.—*Grand Saloon in the Palace—sofas, chairs, table, &c., with writing materials, &c.*—QUEEN and LADIES of Honor discovered at change. QUEEN on sofa.

Enter PRINCE, dressed in Court Costume, C. D. F.

Fred. Thank you, my dear baron. Give the king my thanks for his kindness in excusing my appearance on parade this morning. [Aside.] There's one bore the less at least. [Going to the QUEEN.] Ah! my mother!

Queen. [Embracing him.] My dear child, you little know the uneasiness you have caused me.

Fred. Uneasiness to you, dear mother!

Queen. To me alone, my son—no one else knows of your absence. Where have you been since—

Fred. Since yesterday!

Queen. Yes.

Fred. Dear mother, I have not arrived at years of discretion. [Aside.] I fear it would, were he to answer for all his doings, place the heir apparent to the throne of Prussia, in rather an embarrassing situation.

Queen. Well, well, you are safe at home now, and my anxiety is passed.

Fred. [Aside.] If poor dear mother only knew that I have been on the road to France.

Queen. So the king has excused you from appearing upon review this morning?

Fred. [Pointing to his clothes.] And the soldier is lost in the prince.

Queen. [Meaningly.] Rather say in the bridegroom, for the king has doubtless told you!

Fred. Oh! yes, bother to it—the king has told me some disagreeable things in regard to Austria, but this marriage has not taken place yet, dear mother, so don't let's talk about it. This is a part and parcel of state politics, and concerns only my father. My happiness, alone, concerns you.

Queen. You have a secret in your breast which you would conceal from me, but I will find it out. I will ask your friend Lieutenant Gustave.

Fred. Gustave!

Queen. He is the best of all. He is one of those true friends, which, with princes, are so rare. Cherish his friendship, my dear son, and never forget he is the best friend you have. [Exit, C. D. F.]

Fred. I wonder what she means. She cannot possibly have found out—oh! no, no! But I must be stirring, for there is no time to be lost—I have, it is true, saved poor Gustave from the daggers of those rascals, but only by removing his immediate danger. He is in prison, and will die unless I can procure his release. The old gentleman, Fred-

erick William the First, is not the most merciful man in the world, and my task— [*Seeing the KING coming*] The august author of my existence!

[*Bowing with much reverence to the KING as he comes in.*]

King. You here?

Fred. [*Bowing.*] Yes, sire!

King. It would have been too much trouble for you to go and see my grenadiers drawn up in order of battle. Do you know, sir, I counted one hundred and twenty three men who stand six feet two in their boots. Ha!—that was a sight!

Fred. [*Aside.*] I shall never get so high in the world, I'm sure.

King. But you, sir, were afraid of soiling your laces, and your feathers, and your gloves. [*Examining him, turning him round.*] What a toilette! I suppose you import all these kickshaws from Paris?

Fred. On the contrary, sire, they are exclusively of home manufacture. The worthy artisans of our country would suffer if we did not set an example to the world of going well dressed.

King. Bosh and nonsense! Do you see this coat?—as good as new, and I have worn it fifteen years.

Fred. [*With much admiration.*] Fifteen years! [*Aside.*] It looks as if he might have been born in it!

King. And these buttons!—look at them, sir! They have outlasted three uniforms, and were part of the wardrobe of your grandfather, Frederick the First.

Fred. [*Aside.*] Oh! venerable buttons! contemporaries of my sainted ancestors! [*KING takes seat, laying cane on table.*] Let's see if I cannot flatter him; the old gentleman, rough as he is, has his little amiable weaknesses, like the rest of us. [*Aloud.*] But, sire, you forget that my youth and obscurity need the extraneous aid of a fine exterior. If I had founded a kingdom—were I the chief of a great army—then, only, should I be privileged to forego the attractions of dress, and don the buttons of my ancestors—then, the lustre of glory would supply the place of splendor of dress!

King. [*Mollified.*] The young rogue does not lack sense, after all.

Fred. [*Taking up cane from table.*] And this cane—[*Aside.*] My old acquaintance! [*Rubbing his back.*] This cane—this great cane! for which a usurer would not give a single florin—but which, in your hands is a sign of power, and—[*Aside.*] I must flatter even his cane.

King. [*Considering.*] You have a favor to ask of me?

Fred. To confess, sire, I have—and this kind look of yours tells me that it is already granted.

King. [*Rising.*] Not so fast!—one moment. My looks, sir, have not the power of speech. But, come, let me hear—what would you ask?

Fred. Sire—[*Aside.*] It almost chokes me—but, courage—courage. [*Aloud.*] At the review of this morning—

King. Which will take place in honor of the Princess of Brunswick, your bride—

Fred. Oh, excuse me, sir—do not let us talk politics.

King. Politics! What do you mean?

Fred. At the review of this morning—sire—one—one—of your officers—will be—will be wanting.

King. Ay! Lieutenant Gustave!

Fred. [*Aside.*] He knows all.

King. A mean-spirited coward!

[*Rising.*

Fred. No, sire, a brave officer—whom I shall be proud to defend before the court-martial. But I fear that the mere charge against him will be too great a disgrace for him to survive.

King. Oh! I see, now, the drift of all your flatteries; but you will gain nothing by them.

Fred. How, sire?

King. Enough, enough, I tell you!

Fred. You refuse me the favor I ask from you?

King. Most positively.

Fred. [*Decidedly.*] Well, then, I meet one refusal with another.

King. Sir! What do you mean, sir?

Fred. I refuse to allow this marriage you have arranged, to take place. I once thought I would consent to sacrifice my heart, to purchase a territory for you—sacrifice my liberty for a piece of Silesia—but not now. No, no. I have changed my mind.

King. Prince Frederick!

Fred. King Frederick! I'll have nothing to do with your Princess.

King. By Heaven, he braves me!

Fred. So much the worse for Prussia—so much the worse for Brandenburg—I'll not furnish heirs for either.

King. He insults me!

Fred. Sire, I have spoken. Refusal for refusal. Keep your victim, I keep my liberty!

King. [*In a rage.*] You shall. You—I tell you, sir, that you shall marry the Princess—that you shall love her, adore her, and make her perfectly happy.

Fred. If she enjoys no more happiness than she derives from me—

[*Rolling of drums heard outside.*

King. The troops are assembling for my grand review. I must go; but remember, sir, my orders. When I return, I shall expect to find you at the feet of the Princess. [*Shaking cane.*] Remember, sir!

[*Exit KING, C. D. F.—Roll of drum.*

Fred. You want to drive me to desperation, eh? Well, I'll be desperate enough for anything.

Enter BARON, C. D. F.

The Baron, ah, hah! he comes just in the nick of time. Baron!

Baron. Prince!

Fred. I wish to entrust an important commission to you.

Baron. Ah, Prince, such a mark of confidence.

Fred. I wish you to be presented to the Princess of Brunswick immediately.

Baron. I? What an honor! I am overwhelmed.

Fred. You will tell her from me—

Baron. Ah, yes, Prince, I will. I will announce to her with indescribable joy that—

Fred. That I detest, abhor, and will have nothing at all to do with her.

Baron. Do I hear aright? What?

Fred. Break it to her as you like, as gently as you please. I dare say it will kill the poor thing—use as much circumlocution, as you desire—but that is my ultimatum.

Baron. But, my Prince! such a commission—

Fred. Don't stand there, but go! go!

Baron. Rather than undertake such a dreadful, such an ungracious task, I prefer to resign my office and give up my golden key to your august father. Nay. I will give it up instantly.

Fred. Well, then, give up your key. I will myself go to the Princess.

Baron. Hush, for Heaven's sake, not so loud, my Prince. The queen, accompanied by the young and beautiful Duchess—

Fred. So much the better. I will tell her at once.

Baron. [*Aside.*] I think this is the right moment for me to retire.

[*Going up.*]

Fred. Baron!

Baron. Prince!

Fred. Remain!

Baron. [*Aside.*] How much he resembles his august father—one can never retire from the presence of either at the right moment, worse luck!

Enter QUEEN, ELIZABETH, and COUNT, followed by ladies and gentlemen of the court in full dress.

Fred. [*Recognizing ELIZABETH*] Heavens! what do I see? Yes, it is she herself! My partner at the baptismal font. Ah, my mother, my heart overflows with joy—'tis for this lady that I refused the Princess. This is she whom I detested, she whom I love with all the ardor of my soul. This is she whom I will not marry, and I will die before I will marry any one else. This is not very clear, but the heart of a mother can comprehend all. [*Goes to ELIZABETH, and greets her warmly!*]

Baron. [*Aside.*] Here's good news for the king. I fly with enthusiasm to be the first to announce to him the joyful tidings. I shall secure my golden key for ever! [*Exit L., unobserved.*]

Eliz. And is it true, that in order that you might remain faithful to an unknown love, to vows plighted to a stranger, one whose love could promise you only happiness, you were about to reject a princely marriage, which insures you the alliance of a great nation? What an anomaly among men! But we will try to obliterate your love for your godwife of the mill. You shall love the Princess and forget the stranger yet.

Fred. [*Kissing her hand.*] My beautiful godwife—Goodness! how funny, to think that it was my real wife after all that helped me to christen the famous little Peter, the son of the miller, and that we have danced together like—

Eliz. Ah! we shall never again dance so gaily.

Fred. And why not? one may dance merrily anywhere; under the frescoed roof of a palace and under the rude rafters of a mill. Gaiety ought not to be banished from court. [*Aside.*] At least when the King's cross face is not present. [*Roll of drum outside.*] Ah, I had forgotten

everything in the joy of the moment. [*Taking QUEEN and ELIZABETH aside.*] Not a word, I pray you, remember, before the king—we are strangers. Mum! [*Aside.*] Gustave, my poor Gustave!

[*An OFFICER announces the KING.*]

Enter KING and BARON, c. d., accompanied by GEN. STURNER and other OFFICERS.

King. [*To BARON.*] And is it possible that the Princess and the young woman of the mill—

Baron. [*Bowing.*] Sire, they are identical.

King. Umph! Well, well, I understand.

[*KING comes down, leaving BARON, GEN. and OFFICERS up the stage.*]

Eliz. [*Kneeling to the KING.*] Sire!

King. [*Raising her.*] My daughter. I give you a soldier's welcome! The strict court of Vienna would hardly recognize their rules of etiquette in such an ovation, but it is my way, so let them say what they like, provided such a warlike demonstration is not too much for your nerves. [*Looking alternately at ELIZABETH and FREDERICK.*]—Umph! Ha, hah! [*Aside.*] I'll pay the rascal. [*Going to FREDERICK.*] Well, sir, there's your bride.

Fred. I have seen her, sire.

King. [*Astonished.*] And, you scoundrel you! are you not charmed, fascinated?

Fred. The Princess is charming, sire, but—

King. But, sir. But! what do you mean by but?

Fred. But another love—

King. What's that? another love?

Fred. A remembrance which will be eternal.

King. What the devil does all this romantic nonsense signify? [*Looks towards the BARON, who nods and points expressively to the PRINCESS.—To FREDERIC.*] So, you persist in refusing?

Fred. No, sire, oh, no. I comprehend my duty to your majesty, and will submit to your orders, even though it break my heart.

King. [*Aside.*] Ah—oh, ho!

Fred. It will cost me many a pang, sire. I know I shall be irretrievably wretched—that this alliance I contract to oblige you, will poison my whole life. The one I love is perhaps less beautiful, certainly less noble, than the Princess. I make no comparisons, but I love her, my dear father, [*Pretending to cry*—and it is very terrible, and very cruel to smother thus the holiest emotions of my heart. But I will obey my father, and oblige my King at any sacrifice—being well assured, that in consideration of this yielding to the call of filial duty and loyalty, the King will not refuse the first important favor I have ever asked of his majesty.

King. And that favor is without doubt, pardon for a deserter?

Fred. It is to sign the pardon of Gustave at the same time that your son seals his own eternal wretchedness. [*Aside.*] There, it is all over.

King. [*After another look at BARON, who nods and points more meaningfully than before.*] Bah! this is too much. [*Aside.*] The rascal! I could choke him—but I must keep calm, if I choke for it myself.

[*Aloud.*] No, I do not wish to make you so wretched. I have two other sons, whose hearts are as yet untouched by any tender and romantic affection, and without doubt, the court of Vienna will accept one of them in your place, as a husband for the beautiful young duchess!

Fred. [*Aside.*] I'm very much inclined to think I've put my foot in it!

King. So I will not trouble you any further on the subject of this odious marriage, and in return you will allow me to manage the affairs of state, and more especially the discipline of my army, in my own way.

[*KING goes up and exchanges looks with BARON.*

Fred. [*Observing them.*] The Baron. Alas! he knew all.

King. General Sturner!

Sturner. Sire!

King. You will preside to-day over the court-martial which will be convened to try Lieutenant Gustave for desertion!

Omnes. A deserter!

Queen. Gustave a deserter! Good Heavens!

Fred. Well then, sire—the court must try me, too, for if Lieutenant Gustave has deserted, the Sergeant Frederick has deserted also!

Omnes. He!

Queen. My son!

King. What do you dare to say?

Eliz. Oh, heed him not—it is impossible!

Fred. Lieutenant Gustave was arrested at a chateau ten miles from Berlin.

Sturner. [*Approaching.*] What is this?

Fred. Well then it was I,—I, his Prince, who ordered him to accompany me to that chateau, whither I went for reasons of my own, and which I do not choose to divulge.

Sturner. [*Aside.*] What does he say?

Fred. Being surprised, I could not explain the reason of our presence there, and so I accused him of desertion and ordered his arrest.

King. You lie, sir, you lie. If you had been guilty of so great a crime—if you had deserted, the world should see that, though I am a father, I am a King—and though you are the Crown Prince—but you lie, sir, you lie!

Fred. Examine the persons of the chateau, they will corroborate my words, they will testify that they attacked me, that I defended myself, that in the struggle I was thrown down, and, it is more than likely, they will find, or have found, my lieutenant's epaulette, which was torn off in the encounter, and which I have lost.

Sturner. [*Taking epaulette from his coat.*] This epaulette! Was it yours?

Fred. How came it in your hands?

Sturner. Answer me. Was it yours?

Fred. You see, sire, that I have spoken truth. One pardon or two punishments—it is for you to choose.

Sturner. [*Aside.*] 'Twas he! the lover of the Countess—the Prince Royal!

King. Prince Frederick, your sword!

Queen. [*Agitated.*] But, sire,—

[FREDERICK gives his sword to KING.

King. General, he is your prisoner!

Fred. Gustave, you will at least die in good company!

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in the citadel of Berlin—GUSTAVE enters, (c.) attended by officer of the Guards, who shuts gate and exits.—Table, stools—Door, L. U. E.—door 2d entrance, R.—A gate with gratings at back. Sentinel, on guard at back, seen through the gratings.—Window, L. 2d Entrance.*

Gus. [*Throwing his cloak and cap on table.*] Frederick, to betray me thus! Ah! base treachery! I can scarcely credit the evidence of my own senses—still the facts are there—the evidence is there—the court-martial is in session but a few steps from this very spot, and he—he is happy with his lovely bride.

Enter OFFICER at D. in F.

Officer. There is a man here, lieutenant, who says that you desire to see him, and that he is authorized to—

Gus. Yes, yes, I know—let him come in.

Officer. Come in, my boy.

Enter JEAN.

Jean. There, did I not tell you I was expected here? and besides, haven't I got a permission?

Gus. [*Going up to meet him.*] I thank you for the haste with which you answered my summons. I have a little service to ask of you, and I think I may reckon on your kindness.

Jean. In life and death, lieutenant. Are you not the intimate friend of the prince, the august godfather of my little Peter? But how comes it, lieutenant, that you are here, in prison, and accused of desertion?—But never mind how you came here, you shall not stay here, for I am ready to swear that you are not a deserter. You were only taking a ride on horseback, that is all. Did not I myself lend you my two horses to go as far as the Chateau Rhinesburgh? That's the whole story. I have only to tell it and you'll be out of this ugly place in a jiffy.

Gus. My friend, you must take good care not to mention that fact to any one. The service which I would ask of you is, to carry a letter from me to that same chateau.

Jean. It is a good long walk, but never mind, I'll go, lieutenant. Oh! but I have not told you yet the funniest part of the affair. You must know that when your messenger came for me, a servant all covered with gold and silver lace, came to tell my wife, Christine, that she

wanted immediately at the court. Ain't it funny? What can they want with my Christine at court?

Gus. Oh! they have grand balls at the court.

Jean. Do you think they want my Christine to dance, then?

Gus. The mission I am going to send you on requires discretion, precaution, and perhaps courage—the chateau is well guarded. Can you muster resolution enough to serve me?

Jean. I have told you already that you may depend on me to death, for you are the friend of the prince, the august godfather of my little—

Gus. Speak not to me of the prince, 'twas he who betrayed me and ordered my arrest.

Jean. He!—Look here, lieutenant, all I have to say is, that it is impossible.

Gus. I wish it were.

Enter FREDERICK, *in a military frock coat*; *four Soldiers also come in, C. D. F.*

Fred. I say, comrade, is there accommodation here for two?

Gus. 'Tis he.

Fred. Yes, it is I, my dear Gustave. I have had such beautiful dreams about you; but my royal father turns the most beautiful dreams to ugly nightmares!

Gus. Allow me to thank you, prince, for the visit you deign to pay me in the place of my detention.

Fred. A visit? Not at all. I am here on a footing of perfect equality. I am a deserter, like you—a prisoner, like you!

Jean. Ah, bosh!

Gus. What say you?

Fred. It is perfectly simple and natural. You sacrifice yourself for me—we are taken in a trap—I see you on the point of falling under the blows of three assassins—I have no power to save you but in one way—I have no alternative—desperate cases require desperate remedies, so I have you arrested as a deserter. But when I saw that I could not bend the severity of the king, whose military discipline is stricter than ever, that he obstinately refused to pardon you, I declared myself guilty also, and I asked to share your fate.

Gus. Ah, my prince! and I thought you had treacherously betrayed me. Forgive me.

Fred. Everything must be shared in common between us—the heart, the epaulette, and the court-martial.

Gus. And this is the way you revenge yourself on an ungrateful—

Jean. This is grand, magnificent, sublime! Won't somebody take me prisoner too? I declare myself a deserter from my mill, and stand ready to take the consequences. I have lent my two horses, I have assisted my prince to climb over the wall—I am one of the party—won't somebody arrest me?

Fred. Do you then feel so much like being shot?

Jean. What?—shot!—will it go so far as that?

Fred. Well, a court-martial at which his majesty assists, is no joke.

Jean. Oh! by the way, Christine has been commanded to court. Do you know, your highness, what they want with her there?

Fred. Who knows? Perhaps as nurse to my first. The princess, my future wife, feels very kindly towards her, and she is making up her household.

Gus. Your wife!

Fred. Yes—'tis true. You have not heard anything about it, poor prisoner that you are. Yes, my dear boy, my wife, the princess, my godwife, of Sans-Souci—Austria, the mill, all, all, are resolved into one and the same person. Do you understand! No? Well, it is all true, nevertheless.

[*Sits at table and takes pipe from his pocket.*]

Gus. How? Is it possible?

Fred. So you understand me at last—I congratulate you!

[*GUSTAVE sits at table, and commences to smoke with FREDERICK.*]

Jean. The godmother of my little Peter! Tol-de-rol-rol! I'm in luck! [*Dances.*] Oh, I beg pardon, your Royal Highness; but joy sets my legs going, in spite of me.

[*Noise outside.*]

Jean. Hush! I hear something!

Chris. [*Speaking outside.*] Ah, here they are!—it is all right!

Enter CHRISTINE, D. F.

Jean. Good gracious! My wife!

Fred. Bravo! Here is the old party of the mill! We only want my godson, the jolly little Peter, to make it complete; not forgetting my lovely partner at the font.

Jean. [*Aside. To CHRISTINE.*] I say, Christine, what have you been about at court?

Chris. Don't be curious, little man. I may tell you all about it, by-and-bye. [*To FRED.*] Ah, Prince! A person of high rank, and who is very dear to you—

Fred. Ah, Elizabeth—you mean her, do you not? You have seen her. I must kiss you for that.

[*Kisses CHRISTINE.*]

Jean. He kisses my wife! What condescension!

Chris. She sends me here to tell you not to give way to despair. She is always thinking of you, and will leave nothing undone to procure your speedy pardon.

Fred. Despair! She does not know me! I am a philosopher. Come, my friend Jean, now is the time for you to win distinction. I hereby appoint you commissary-general, with full power to ransack the pantry, cellar, and larder of this establishment, and to bring hither anything eatable or drinkable that you may be able to lay hands upon. The king is kind enough to furnish us with lodgings, and, by the bones of my ancestors, he must also furnish us with board!

Chris. The queen, your highness, has not overlooked that, and has provided against the chance of starvation. See! Here comes your dinner, even now!

[*Turnkey opens grating at back, and enters, with servants, bearing provisions, wine, &c. They place table, put the provisions, &c., upon it, and exit v. in f.*]

Fred. Well, we can do ample justice to this, at any rate. Let us throw melancholy to the dogs, dear Gustave; she is a wretched, slow

companion! Come, let us fall to. *Vive le joie!* And let us drink a bumper to *Liberty!*

[FREDERICK and GUSTAVE sit at table, while JEAN and CHRISTINE wait upon them.]

Gus. Liberty, like love, is but a dream! The court-martial is in session, even now, in the next room.

Fred. So much the better. Let us upset their deliberations by the clink of our glasses. Jean, fill my glass! Here's to the health of the court-martial! [Drinks.]

Gus. Had it not been for my folly, we should not have been placed in this situation. Knowing, as I did, the severity of the king, I should have checked, and not encouraged, your mad impulse.

Fred. [Offering to fill GUSTAVE's glass.] It is no use to deplore the past. Come, man—Tokay! My dear fellow, a true philosopher looks upon a prison as the home of rest and meditation.

Jean. [Aside.] By Heavens, Christine, he swallows tokay as though he were drinking small beer.

Fred. Come, let us drink!

[Drum heard outside.]

Chris. The General!

OFFICER appears at door.

Officer. The General is coming up stairs!

Fred. Oh, ho! Perhaps he comes to examine us!

Gus. I had rather not appear in his presence.

Fred. Faith, I neither!

Gus. Let us get out of the way.

Fred. Not till we have another bumper! [Fills glass, and drinks.] To the health of the General! Come, Gustave, cheer up! We are not shot yet!

[Goes off, with GUSTAVE Door, L. U. E.]

Enter GENERAL STURNER, D. in F.

Sturner. Where are the prisoners?

Jean. [Pointing to door.] They are there, General!

Sturner. [Pushing CHRISTINE, who has placed herself before the table, so as to hide it on the entrance of the GENERAL. Aside.] It seems these gentlemen have not forgotten how to enjoy themselves in their imprisonment!

Chris. [Taking up a bottle.] Yes! You see, there is not a drop left in the bottles.

Enter SERVANTS, who clear off table, place pens, ink, and paper upon it, and exit, D. in F.

Sturner. [Aside.] What reckless folly! [To JEAN and CHRISTINE.] Leave me.

[Exit JEAN and CHRISTINE.] I was wrong, to leave the court-martial! It was an act of weakness. But my emotion was too great—it would have betrayed me! I form a thousand projects, which my reason rejects! Speak to him? The moment is inopportune, and it is beneath my dignity! My position is a cruel one! My sufferings are too great, and too long! I would prefer a bullet through my heart

Enter BARON, with paper in his hand.

Baron. The court has risen, General. I was anxious concerning your indisposition, and I have taken the liberty of seeking you.

Sturner. What is the verdict?

Baron. Lieutenant Gustave has been found guilty of desertion by a majority.

Sturner. [*Excited.*] And Frederick?

Baron. Knowing the great interest you have always felt for our young Prince—

Sturner. Yes, yes, I feel much interested in him. [*Sarcastically.*]

Baron. I thought you would be pleased to hear the decision of the court in his case.

Sturner. Well, well, what is it?

Baron. Three are for acquittal, and three for a verdict of guilty. [*Snatches paper from BARON, and sits at table.*]

Sturner. What do you say?

Baron. His fate depends on you!

Sturner. I hold, then, his life in my hands! By a single word written upon this paper, I can condemn, or absolve. [*Reading paper.*]

"Is the Prince Charles Frederick of Prussia guilty of desertion?"

[*Aside.*] A deserter! No, he is no deserter! I know better!

Baron. You hesitate—your hand trembles!

Sturner. I hesitate no longer. [*Writing.*] "Not guilty."

Baron. [*Seizing paper, joyfully.*] Thank God, the Prince is saved.

Sturner. [*Aside, rising.*] No, he is not guilty of desertion. His crime is not against the state, but against my heart. His punishment, then, be mine!

Baron. I must fly, to carry these joyful tidings to the Queen—another opportunity to insure the possession of my golden key. [*Going, and seeing the agitation of STURNER, returns.*] But what is the matter, General! you seem ill; you can scarcely stand.

Sturner. [*Sinking on a stool.*] My sufferings are intense.

Baron. I understand your emotion. [*Aside.*] What an excellent man; the mere thought that any harm could come to our young Prince quite overwhelms him.

Sturner. Take me hence—anywhere—away from here.

Baron. Lean on me!

[*Exit, supporting STURNER.—FREDERICK peeps out of door, L. U. E. then comes on, followed by GUSTAVE.*]

Gus. No one here?

Fred. Not even a cat!

Gus. I am not superstitious; but this apparition of the General, in our prison, looks ominous.

Fred. I think just the contrary. Why should he have left the court-martial and come here, if not to bring us hope?

Gus. Do not think it. For me, at least, there is no hope. [*Goes to table.*] With your permission, I would write a few lines here.

Fred. There you go again, giving way to those gloomy thoughts; but write away, my boy—write as much as you please. Go, and write a

sentimental sonnet to your lady-love; as for me, I shall yield up my thoughts to my dear Elizabeth!

Gus. [*At table.*] I would, at least, do all I can to relieve her of anxiety in regard to my fate. The events of that fatal night must have shocked her beyond endurance.

Fred. [*Sitting at table.*] Well, I shall not attempt to write sonnets, but seek for consolation in this flute of mine.

[*Takes flute from pocket, and plays a bar or two. The KING enters, unobserved, his guard remaining outside, and stands, observing.*

Gus. If you play the flute, I shall not be able to write.

Fred. Well. [*Rising and seeing the KING.*] The King. [*Aside.*] I must conceal my orchestra. [*Puts flute behind him.*

Gus. The King! [*Going.*] Sire I—

King. Stay, sir—stay; do not incommode yourself.

Fred. Will you take a seat, sire? I hope you will excuse the modesty of our furniture—we did not expect royal visitors

King. I come not as a visitor, but to see for myself, what is going on here.

Fred. [*Aside.*] The King is on his beat, eh? This is just his way.

King. [*Looking round apartment.*] Umph! Have you any women here?

Gus. Sire—

Fred. We do not indulge in such luxuries, sire. They comprise no part of our prison fare.

King. Still, sir, a woman has been here. I know it. I know, also, that through the weakness of a person who has no regard for military discipline, you have been enabled to hold an orgie here.

Fred. The penalty of desertion, I know. Your majesty may shoot us, but you would not starve us to death. While we live, let us live!

King. [*Aside.*] Confound his wit! This is a prison, sir, not a tavern; and by the rules of the prison, what business have you both in the same apartment? But what were you doing?

Fred. Well, we do as well as we can. Like true philosophers, we try to make the best of our situation.

King. You were playing the flute. [*Going to FREDERICK*] What are you hiding so carefully? [*Seeing flute.*] A flute—umph! bah! with a sentence of death hanging over your head, you play the flute!

Fred. That was the pastime of *Apollo* when he tended sheep. I do not consider myself better than *Apollo*, though he was not of the house of *Bradenburgh*.

King. [*Going to GUSTAVE.*] And you, sir, what were you doing?

Gus. Sire, I was writing to—to—my—my sister.

[*QUEEN appears at back.*

King. Well, sir, you can put in a postscript that you are to be shot on the parade ground, at ten o'clock.

Fred. and Gus. Shot!

Gus. I obey, sire.

[*Writes.*

King. [*To FREDERICK.*] And you, sir—go and play the flute.

[*KING, going out, meets the QUEEN.*

King. [*Surprised.*] You here, madam?

Queen. You should not be surprised if when severity departs indulgence takes its place.

King. I cannot blame the motive which brings you here; but, perhaps, you may show too much solicitude, and you fail in proper respect to me in acting thus without consulting me.

Queen. Why should I consult with you? can such a mission require your consent? and if I had asked it, could you have refused me? The mother of a soldier comes to see her son in prison. Should I be deprived of this painful privilege because I am the wife of the King of Prussia, and the sister of the King of England?

King. Kindness, clemency, weakness—these in your eyes are the only royal virtues. If women reigned, things would come to a pretty pass, and sceptres would soon become distaffs. Who the devil can manage a country whose queen reasons like a lawyer, and whose princes play upon the flute? Ah, bah! [*Exit D. in F.*]

Fred. Condemned—he! and I the most guilty of the two!

Queen. My poor children, my sympathies are for both alike.

Fred. [*Going to QUEEN.*] Oh, my mother, I thank you for those words.

Queen. [*Giving her hand to GUSTAVE, who kisses it with emotion.*] Brave Gustave, we are already old friends.

Gus. Your majesty does me too much honor by remembering it.

Queen. The heart never forgets, my friend.

Gus. I suppose your majesty wishes to speak with the Prince, alone. I beg leave to retire.

Queen. Yes, my dear Gustave. Go—go!

[*GUSTAVE bows, and exit, door, L. U. E.*]

Queen. Frederick, my son, we must save him!

Fred. Save him, dear mother! We must—we will! When one has a heart—but twenty years old—and a mother like you—he does not permit his friend to die. Is it not so? Did not you, yourself, dear mother, tell me, I should never have so loyal and devoted a friend as Gustave?

Queen. Listen, my son, and judge for yourself. Some ten years since, the voice of calumny attached itself to my name, and reached the ears of the king. One day he stood before me, holding in his hand a letter. He loaded me with reproaches—and, in his fury, he raised his cane, as if to strike me—me, his queen!—thy mother!

Fred. [*Throwing himself at her feet.*] My mother—my poor mother!

Queen. One of my pages heard the cry the outrage wrung from my lips, sprang forward, and arrested the arm of the king, whose wrath blinding him, he struck the poor child a blow, inflicting a ghastly wound—and then, ashamed of his violence, rushed away. The child fell, pale, inanimate. I raised him on my knees, and, while I stanch'd his flowing blood, I exclaimed, "My God, he is dying!" "Dying," answered a weak voice—"dying, but for you—to save my queen from outrage." That child—so noble—so devoted—was Count Gustave.

Fred. Oh, it was he! It was he!

Queen. It has cost me much pain to make this sad avowal to you, my son—but I wished you to know why I have so often told you to prize

his friendship and to love him well. To-day—there is no time to lose—he must be saved to-day. I will throw myself at the feet of the king. I will call to his mind that terrible scene, upon which we have never spoken since.

Fred. Oh, my mother!—you raise my drooping heart. Save my friend. Oh, save Gustave!

Queen. Depend upon me. He must, he shall be saved.

[*Exit* QUEEN, C. D. *in P.*]

GUSTAVE *entering, and sitting on stool.*

Fred. [*Not seeing* GUSTAVE.] He has protected my mother—and shall he die, because he has exposed his life for me? No, no, it shall not be. [*Turning, and seeing* GUSTAVE.] Gustave—my good Gustave! [*Embracing him.*]

Gus. Why this emotion? What has happened, Prince?

Fred. Happened? The matter with me? Nothing.

Gus. Nothing?—and these tears?

Fred. Tears? Nonsense! What an idea! [*Looking at, and pointing to scar in* GUSTAVE's forehead.] You have a scar upon your forehead, dear Gustave! A sabre cut!

Gus. Yes—yes—precisely.

Fred. A duel, perhaps!

Gus. With a friend. But, Prince, why?

Fred. Gustave, let me kiss that scar! [*Kisses forehead of* GUSTAVE.]

Gus. Why this emotion? What do you do?

Fred. I pay homage and reverence to a brave soldier's courage.

Gus. This scar is—Pshaw! 'tis nothing. It's cause long since forgotten!

Fred. Gustave—Gustave, 'tis false! You would deceive my grateful heart, which longs to pay with all its blood, the blood you shed to save my mother's honor!

Gus. How? Then you know? The queen has told you?

Fred. I know that I dearly love brave, noble, generous Gustave—and that is all.

Enter ELIZABETH, CHRISTINE, and JEAN. ELIZABETH gives paper to OFFICER, who comes in with them.

Eliz. We come to restore the Prince to liberty. I bring the order for his release, signed by General Sturner himself.

Fred. [*Going to her.*] You here? You, to bring me liberty, and the light of your dear smile? A double happiness!

Chris. What a dear little duck he is! I am madly in love with him!

Gus. [*Giving* JEAN a letter.] You will keep your promise?

Jean. You may depend upon it, good lieutenant.

Gus. [*Giving* purse.] Take this.

Jean. Fie! Do you think such services can be paid with money?

Gus. My poor friend, I shall soon require none.

Eliz. Yes, Prince—yes, your liberty—

Fred. And Gustave's, too—is it not so?

Eliz. I cannot answer that—but you must leave this place at once. The Queen awaits you anxiously, to decide upon the surest way to save him.

Fred. The surest way, do you say? Nothing is so sure as the military justice of the king.

SERVANT enters with FREDERICK'S cloak, hat, and sword.

Fred. [*Seeing him.*] I have an idea. The most simple means are always the most safe, because they excite no suspicion. Evening is approaching, and we must profit by it. [*To GUSTAVE.*] Take you my cloak, my hat, and sword. Lose not a moment.

[*Puts cloak and hat on GUSTAVE.*

Eliz. Ha! I see it all. 'Tis the only chance. But, haste, haste! or it will be too late.

Gus. What, would you have me——

Fred. I would have you free. You must leave Berlin within the hour.

Eliz. At the foot the steps of the citadel stands the private carriage of the Queen.

Fred. Bravo, the very thing. [*To JEAN and CHRIS.*] To you I confide his safety. Fly with the speed of the wind towards Potsdam. Go. lose no time in words, go—but stop—some signal—something that will apprise me of his safety.

Jean. A pistol shot?

Fred. No, 'twill make too much noise.

Chris. A song?

Fred. That will do, a song, on the Parade ground. I can recognize your voice. Now be off, away at once.

[*The stage has grown quite dark, by degrees. As FRED. is pushing GUSTAVE, &c. off, c. d. in F., the BARON, accompanied by a file of soldiers, bearing torches, appears.*

Fred. Confusion, the Baron! That man is always in the way!

[*Puts on GUSTAVE'S cloak from off stool.*

Chris. Silence!

Eliz. Unlucky accident!

Jean. I could break his stupid head!

Baron. [*To OFFICER.*] Yes, Captain, it is the King's express order touching Lieutenant Gustave. I do not know the contents of the paper.

[*OFFICER takes paper from BARON.*

Officer. I will read and learn the will of his majesty.

Baron. [*Coming in through door, c.*] Prince, your servant.

[*ELIZABETH springs before GUSTAVE, R., while CHRISTINE steps before FRED., L.*

Baron. [*Observing the action of ELIZABETH and CHRISTINE.*] There is some mystery here. It is singular. [*To GUSTAVE.*] Prince, your august father has been kind enough to charge me with—

Fred. [*Joyfully and aside.*] Joy, joy, the old fox will fall into the trap—

Baron. [*Discovering his mistake.*] Hah! I've made a mistake—this is not the Prince.

Gus. 'Tis true, I am not the Prince ; denounce me if you will, perhaps a reward is promised you—

Baron. [*Indignantly.*] A reward!

Eliz. In Austria the duties you perform, Monsieur le Baron, would be left to the common thief-taker, not confided to the chamberlain, who should be a gentleman.

Baron. Um—ha—I do not understand you, madame!

Fred. Yes, it is a shame to Germany when a nobleman carries his servility so far as to degrade himself to a spy!

Baron. Spy! I a spy? Ah, Prince, after such a word—

Fred. One submits to its shame, or proudly justifies the act which calls it forth.

Baron. [*Proudly.*] No, your highness, one revenges one's self!

Fred. How!

Baron. Yes, revenge is the only recompense for such a word. Come, sir!

Fred. What are you going to do?

Baron. To take him away.

Eliz. To die, perhaps?

Baron. [*To FREDERICK.*] Sir, you must go with me. [*OFFICER comes in. BARON seeing him, raises his voice. To GUSTAVE.*] Come, my Prince, the Queen, your mother expects you at the palace.

Fred. [*Aside to BARON.*] Ah, Baron, forgive me. It is you, you who save my friend.

Baron. 'Tis not so bad for a spy, is it!

Fred. Thanks, thanks!

Gus. [*To BARON as they are going up.*] But the Prince?

Baron. [*To GUSTAVE.*] Cover yourself well, your highness, it is a bitter cold evening.

[*Draws cloak round GUSTAVE, so as to disguise him the more from OFFICERS and GUARDS.*]

Officer. [*At back showing paper to soldiers.*] By the order of the King, Lieutenant Gustave, prepare to die within an hour.

Fred. [*Aside to CHRIS. as she comes up with others.*] Do not forget the signal!

TABLEAU

SCENE II.—*Ante-room of the KING'S Council Chamber—Table, R., with writing materials, lighted chandelier, couches, chairs, sofa, R.—Door, c.—Doors, R. and L.*

At change, enter GUSTAVE, preceded by the BARON.

Baron. Well, here we are, at last, in the very cabinet of the king—in the very face of danger. You ought to be satisfied. As for me, I should like to understand something of your reasons for coming: for the fact of your insisting upon returning to the palace, instead of making your escape, is very much like throwing one's self into the sea to escape drowning. Excuse this aquatic comparison; for I have no desire to throw cold water upon your hopes, if you have any.

Gus. I could not act otherwise than I have. [*Aside.*] He must know nothing of my secret.

Baron. Well, so long as it turns out well, it is a matter of the most perfect indifference to me, provided I do not lose my—[*Listening.*] Some one comes!—conceal yourself!—it is the Queen!

Gus. Conceal myself? On the contrary, she must see me. Is she not my truest friend? [*Aside.*] From her I shall learn all that I ought and must know.

Enter QUEEN and ELIZABETH, C.

Queen. What do I see? You, Gustave? And here?

Gus. Ay!—here. Here, at your feet, quite overpowered with respect and gratitude!

Eliz. But you are in greater peril than ever. What madness has brought you to the palace?

Gus. No madness, madam; but my stern, imperative duty.

Eliz. Your duty?

Baron. [*Aside.*] Here's a novel idea, indeed!

Queen. And my son—what has become of him? Where did you leave him?

Gus. It is on his account that I am here, your Majesty. 'Tis true, in the first moment of joy, caused by the removal of the threatened imminence of an ignominious death, I accepted the escape offered me by the friendship of Frederick; but scarcely had the last bar between me and liberty been passed, when I was seized by remorse, and I asked myself whether I had the right to save my own life, by exposing that of the son of my king.

Queen. Expose his life? How expose? What mean you?

Gus. I say, madam, that the king, in one of those sudden fits of anger, in which his wrath knows no reason, might have visited on the unhappy Prince the punishment reserved for me. When I thought of this, I again became myself. What, to me, were life—liberty? I only thought of the danger which threatened the heir to the crown—your son, my own dear friend. I came here at once, to place my fate again in the hands of the king.

Eliz. You have acted nobly!

Baron. [*Aside.*] Yes, it is all very fine; but I am in a nice situation. It is all up with my golden key now.

Eliz. But we will save you—shall we not, madam? Yes, yes; we will intercede in your favor.

Baron. Yes, yes; we will intercede in *our* favor.

Eliz. And something tells me that we shall succeed.

Queen. I scarcely dare to hope—nor, Gustave, would I have you cherish hopes, that you may never realize. Alas! I feel a strange presentiment! a vague uneasiness! By chance, just now, I met General Sturmer, seeking an interview with the king. He appeared stern and revengeful. He saluted me with constraint. His looks frightened me.

Gus. [*Aside.*] The General?

King. [*Speaking outside.*] What, the Prince here?

Queen. The king comes. Away, at once!

Gus. But, madam——

Queen. [*Going to him, and leading him to the door.*] Nay, not a word.
At once, away! [*Exit GUSTAVE.*]

Enter KING and GENERAL STURNER.

Baron. [*Aside.*] I think this is an eligible opportunity for me to retire. [*Going.*]

King. [*Stopping him.*] Stay!

Baron. [*Bowing.*] I obey, sire, with enthusiasm!

Sturner. [*Aside.*] I shall now learn whether the justice of the king is the same for all.

King. [*Sits at table. To the QUEEN.*] What is this, madam, that I hear? Pretty news, indeed! Scarcely free from one disgrace, your son, again, incurs my just displeasure. He has been guilty of insulting our friend and brother in arms!—him to whom he owes his life!—yes, his life! But for the mercy of General Sturner, the verdict of the court-martial would have been against him—he would have been condemned to death—from which the king would not have saved him!

Queen. Oh, sire, sire!

King. Speak, General!—speak, as it becomes a man whose honor has been outraged—speak, as becomes a brave and faithful soldier!—speak, before her, his mother, and before his affianced wife! Speak—I command you!

Sturner. By the permission of your Majesty, and with due respect to my honored Queen, I will speak. A man has intruded upon the sanctity of my home—covertly, secretly—in the night—like an assassin. But, though he did no murder, he has done worse—he has robbed me of my honor, and stolen from me the affections of my wife! Tell me not, that, as a soldier, I am his superior in rank; and, as a private citizen, I am his subject! The outrage he has inflicted upon me, breaks down all such barriers; and the justice of the King will make us equals.

Gus. [*Coming on, suddenly, from door, R.*] General, you are mistaken! Learn to place the blame where it belongs. 'Tis not the Prince, but I!—I, Lieutenant Gustave—'gainst whom your sword should point!

Sturner. How? You!

King. You?

Sturner. [*Contemptuously.*] How long is it since the Prince Royal imposed upon his friend the task of answering for his offences?

King. [*Sternly.*] General Sturner!

Gus. I repeat it, sir, 'twas I.

King. Silence, sir! I will soon know the truth of this,—thanks to the orders I have given.

Enter OFFICER, bringing in JEAN.

Officer. Sire!

King. What is it? Who have you here?

Officer. Here is the man you ordered me to arrest at the chateau of General Sturner. This letter [*Giving letter.*] I found, your Majesty, in his possession.

Jean. [*Aside.*] Good-bye, everybody—I am regularly in for it now. What will become of my poor fat little Peter?

King. Ha! this letter is addressed to the Countess. [*To OFFICER.*] Retire! [*Exit OFFICER, c.*]

Sturner. Your Majesty! To my wife?

[*KING gives STURNER the letter, which he opens and looks over.*]
'Tis signed, "Count Gustave." He spoke the truth—then, it was not the Prince.

Gus. Read, sir,—read.

King. [*To STURNER.*] Read it, sir.

Sturner. [*Reading*] "Louise,—the King is inexorable. I shall be shot within an hour!"

King. [*To GUSTAVE.*] But that is the letter which you informed me you were writing to your sister.

Sturner. Rather to his accomplice—to his mistress!

Gus. General, I beseech you, read—read on.

Sturner. [*Reading.*] "At this solemn moment—I bless you, who have frowned upon my guilty hopes, and have never given me more than the friendship of a sister. [*With emotion.*] Thanks to you, then, Louise, I die without remorse, and you can live without shame in the presence of the man upon whose name you shed so bright a lustre."—Thank God! thank God! Oh, Louise! Louise! how I have wronged you! Would that you were here to pardon me.

Enter LOUISE suddenly, from door L., followed by CHRISTINE.

Louise. I am here, dear General.

Sturner. How can I look you in the face, after the vile doubts I have entertained?

Louise. Let all be forgotten, as it is forgiven. The fault was mine. I have been to blame, and to my imprudence must be attributed your wretchedness and my shame. Before we met, dear General, Lieutenant Gustave and myself had known each other long. He loved me,—and my young heart responded to his hopes. Circumstances forbade our union, and unto you my hand was given. That all at once, we could not pluck from our hearts the hopes and feelings that had there sprung up, was not our fault, nor did it make, for you, dishonor. Perhaps 'twas wrong for me, my hand once given to another, to see him—listen to him. It was, it was;—but in the act there came no thought of disrespect to you—no wish to cast a shadow on the name which you had given me. Upon that fatal night, Gustave had come to bid farewell to me forever, and, but for the doubts which you displayed, the fear I entertained of your displeasure—I should have told you all before. Forgive me that I did not; and believe your wife respects herself, her honor and her husband too much to sacrifice the one, or bring disgrace upon the other.

Sturner. Forgive me, dear Louise. I have been blind, but henceforth no doubt of you shall cross my mind. [*They embrace.*]

King. That's right. Umph! Well, General, I suppose you are equally ready to make peace with the Lieutenant, too—but, by the blood of my ancestors, sir, [*To GUSTAVE.*] how is this?—what do you

here, in the palace, when by this time you ought to be shot, according to my orders! How the devil did you escape, sir?

Gus. By the aid of the Prince's cloak.

King. [*Shocked.*] And the Prince?—

Gus. Remains in prison in my place.

King. In your place? Oh!—

Queen. What is the matter, sire?

King. The matter, madame! the matter is that I have sent orders to have the prisoner shot, and the prisoner is—

Queen. My son! [*Sinks in the arms of ELIZABETH.*]

Eliz. The Prince. Alas, alas!

King. [*To ELIZABETH.*] Attend to her. Assure her that no harm can befall her son. Would I not be anxious if it were so? [*Becoming more and more uneasy.*] They will be sure to recognize him. They will discover the mistake. They will never—Ah, come!—This is some trick you are playing upon my heart. It is. —Come, own it, now. But you must know that heart is inflexible, inexorable—and that—But, my God! should it be true! Such a thing might happen, in the obscurity of the night—and my soldiers have been taught such blind obedience, they would not hesitate to shoot their king, were he to command them. Go at once. Let the execution be suspended. Tell them I pardon him. Away, at once—it will be too late!

BARON rushes to the door, where he is met by FREDERICK, PAGES, and OFFICERS. The QUEEN perceives him, and is about to rush to him, when FREDERICK makes a sign, which restrains her. FREDERICK remains up the stage.

King. [*Not having perceived FREDERICK and the others.*] Why do you not fly? He will be lost. Nay, stay. To prevent even the possibility of a misunderstanding, I will write it. 'Tis true, I am a King, but am I not a father, also? [*Writing rapidly.*] "Pardon!" Signed, "The King."

[*KING holds out paper behind him. FREDERICK rushes forward, and seizes it.*]

Fred. Thank you, father.

King. [*Seeing him—joyfully.*] Ha, ha, ha! [*Embracing FREDERICK, and then pushing him off.*] What does this mean, sirrah? What do you here? Ah, my son! There, he is again my son!

Fred. [*Falling on his knee.*] My father!

King. [*Moved again.*] You have caused your father much anxiety—and the Queen—see to what a condition your folly has brought her. She weeps! [*FREDERICK rises, and embraces the QUEEN.*]

Queen. Ah, my son! my dear son! Thank God, I see you safe!

King. But, after all, I see my orders have not been executed.

Fred. On the contrary, sire—I assure you, they have been obeyed to the very letter. You shall judge. Closely enveloped in the cloak of Gustave, there, and my cloak pulled down over my face, I passed through the gate of that cursed prison. I expected to be put quietly into a carriage, and conveyed to some out of the way place or other—Spandau, Custrin, or some other silent retreat—where I should have an opportunity of cultivating the arts, and studying philosophy, at my lei-

sure. But, not at all! The carriage suddenly stops. Well, thought I, the journey is a short one—where the deuce have they taken me? Raising my cap cautiously, so as not to be recognized, I discovered we were on the parade ground. The night was black as pitch, when, suddenly, by the light of some torches, I perceived your majesty's grenadiers drawn up in line, straight, motionless, like statues. What giants they seemed. They never looked so tall before—ten feet, every man of them, if they were an inch. The precautions which had been taken, the crowd which had gathered, all seemed to portend an event of great solemnity; and I began to think that I had extricated my poor friend Gustave out of a pretty bad scrape. Waiting for the signal, which should have announced his deliverance, every second seemed to me to be an hour.

Jean. The fog stuck in my throat, and choked me.

Fred. Philosopher, as I am, I did not relish the look of things at all—when, all of a sudden, a battallion advances—tramp, tramp!—and stopped within twelve paces of me. [*Imitating roll of drum.*] The drums began to roll ominously—it began to look serious, and the signal—the signal did not come. The grenadiers make a movement—I hear the click, click, of their ramrods, as they were loading their guns—and then, if the truth must be told, I began to feel frightened.

King. What! Frightened, sir? My son?

Fred. [*Coaxingly.*] And you, also, my father.

King. I?

Fred. Yes, you, sire. Come, acknowledge the truth!

King. Umph! Well, well—go on!

Fred. Then I hear, at a distance, a well known voice, singing—
[*Sings.*] “*When the King he goes a hunting.*” Gustave is safe, cried I—and, throwing my cloak at the head of a corporal, I uncovered myself, politely saying, “Gentlemen, I salute you.” The commandant, recognizing me—astonished, confused—cried, in his turn, “Soldiers, recover arms! Carry arms! Present arms!” The soldiers became excited—the crowd flock around me—shouts rend the air—caps are waved, and the soldiers cry, “Long live the Prince!” Long live the Prince—I ask nothing more, said I, just what I wish myself—long live the Prince—and, to make the fun heartier, long live everybody! Escorted by the whole population, to the very gate of the palace, I entered it with a heart full of joy, gratitude and hope—and here I am! But I must confess, I have had a pretty narrow escape.

Queen. My son was lost and he is found. I forget all else, in the joy of that one thought

King. But I do not forget all else, there is one here who must pay for all.

Baron. [*Aside.*] That must be me. Oh, my—

Fred. Who, sire?

King. [*Pointing to GUSTAVE.*] He

Fred. Impossible, my father.

King. How, impossible. Why?

Fred. Lieutenant Gustave has received the royal pardon. You cannot

gainsay that, for you have signed it, here it is. [To GUSTAVE.] Come and thank the King.

[GUSTAVE kneels at the KING's feet.]
King. [Raising him.] Rise, sir. I confirm the pardon I have already granted. I find that I have done you injustice, henceforth take the rank of captain, and serve your King as you have served your friend.

Sturner. Gustave, give me your hand. From this time know me as your friend.

Gus. The King's pardon, sir, would have been nothing without yours.

[STURNER takes GUSTAVE to LOUISE, and the three go up the stage in conversation.]

King. After all, the young dog has shown great energy and courage, [To FRED.] I begin to hope, sir, you may make a soldier after all—Heh!

Fred. Yes, sir.

War is the greatness of a nation; at its birth
 Maintains its rights, decides its moral worth,
 When in the cause of right the sword's unsheathed,
 Its blessing to posterity's bequeathed.
 In peace prepare for war, that all may know,
 We fear nor broils at home, nor foreign foe,
 Be calm in battle and in victory great,
 Perpetuate thus the glory of the state.

King. Bravo, superb! And who is the poet, who has written such fine things!

Fred. It is I, sire. In my poem on "The art of War."

King. You, my son? You have written on the art of War? You must print it. I subscribe beforehand for two copies.

Fred. The fortune of my publisher is made.

Baron. [Aside.] Two copies! Who dares to say there is no profit in working for the King of Prussia.

King. [Taking ELIZABETH by the hand and leading her to FRED.] My daughter, you came here to marry a sergeant, who knows but he may turn out to be a great king.

Eliz. Let us hope so, sire.

Fred. Ah, dear one, I shall be content to reign sole sovereign of your heart. But in my own happiness, I must not forget that of others. Come here Jean and Christine.

[JEAN and CHRISTINE approach FRED., bowing, &c.]
 You are an honest faithful pair, and I shall not forget that to the accidental meeting at your mill, I am indebted for my present happiness. Your welfare and that of the little Peter shall henceforth be my care—and the pretty Christine here shall be nurse to our first—eh?

Chris. You are too good, my Prince—

Jean. A future King the godfather of my son, what a lucky infant—but he always was so much like his father.

Baron. [Aside.] Now is the chance for me to secure forever the possession of my golden key—[Approaching KING.] Sire, may I hope

that you will not overlook your faithful servant who wishes that from your royal hand—the golden key, the symbol of my office—

King. Baron, you must wait!

Baron. Sire, I shall wait with enthusiasm!

King. To-morrow let the marriage ceremony take place, meanwhile, let all be happy—not forgetting, that the rules of military discipline must not be infringed upon.

Fred. [*To audience.*] Then while I wait for the dawning of that glory of which my father dreams, let me limit the object of my present ambition to winning the smiles of the kind friends before me, so that I may obtain your universal suffrage and receive at your hands my crowning glory in your kind approval.

CURTAIN.

T H E E N D .

BROUGHAM'S
DRAMATIC WORKS;

CONSISTING OF A COLLECTION OF

DRAMAS, COMEDIES AND FARCES,

BY JOHN BROUGHAM

SELECTED FROM

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA.

WITH PORTRAIT ON STEEL; AND MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, ESQ.

VOL. I. CONTAINS:

GAME OF LIFE.

LOVE AND MURDER,

DAVID COPPERFIELD,

TEMPTATION,

GAME OF LOVE.

POCAHONTAS,

DOMBEY AND SON,

ROMANCE AND REALITY

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH
121 NASSAU-STREET.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

The object of the paper is to present in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the known world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, with new and beautiful type, presenting, in its mechanical execution, an elegant specimen of art. The whole forms a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. Each six months making a volume of 416 pages, with about

ONE THOUSAND SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS.

The members of any family to which BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is a weekly visitor, cannot fail to realize and exhibit a larger degree of intelligence, than those who do not have access to this remarkable medium for improvement and instruction.

☞ Specimen numbers sent by mail if desired.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SIX CENTS PER SINGLE COPY.

FOR SALE AT THE PERIODICAL DEPOTS EVERYWHERE.

**S. FRENCH, General Agent,
121 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.**

MASSEY'S EXHIBITION RECITER

AND

DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENTS,

Being choice recitations in prose and verse, together with an unique collection of

PETITE COMEDIES, DRAMAS AND FARCES,
ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES,
BY CHARLES MASSEY,

Professor of Elocution at Burlington College, N. J., and Mechanics' Society School, N. Y.

No. 1 CONTAINS,

Guy Fawkes, an "Historical Drama."
The Man With the Carpet Bag, "Farce."
White Horse of the Peppers, "Comic Drama."
Mesmerism, "Petite Comedy,"
And Twelve selected pieces.

No. 2 CONTAINS,

Love and Jealousy, "Tragedy."
The Irish Tutor, "Farce."
Bombastes Furioso, "Burlesque Opera."
Sylvester Daggerwood, "Comic Interlude."
School for Orators, "Original Comedy,"
And Eighteen selected pieces.

Price per Number, Paper Covers, 25 Cents each.

The Two Numbers, bound in Cloth, school style, 60 Cents.

Notwithstanding the great number of voluminous school readers, and speakers, that have already been published, there still exists a want, which is felt by all who delight in the practice of recitation, viz: a collection of humorous and pathetic pieces, in prose and verse, *exactly suitable* for school exhibitions, and social entertainment; this want has compelled the compiler, during a long course of teaching, to devote considerable time in gleaning from innumerable sources, for the especial use of his own pupils, such pieces as are best calculated to please both the reciter and the audience; and he believes that the result of his labor will be acceptable to those who wish to practice the important art of elocution, either for amusement or emolument. The dramatic pieces will be found quite an original feature, inasmuch as they are not mere extracts, or mutilated scenes; but although in some instances, considerably altered from the originals, they still retain an entire plot, and all the wit and humor that could consistently be preserved; and are arranged, and adapted especially for juvenile representation—everything objectionable has been carefully expunged, and they have in their *present form* received the unqualified approbation of numerous intellectual and select audiences, before whom they have been presented by the pupils of the adapter.—*Extract from the Author's Preface*

S. FRENCH,

Publisher, 121 Nassau-street, New York.

IVESON & PHINNEY,

321 Broadway, New York.

S. C. GRIGGS & CO.,

Chicago, Ill.

[Catalogue continued from second page of cover.]

VOL. XVI.

- 121. The Tempest,
- 122. The Pilot,
- 123. Carpenter of Rouen,
- 124. King's Rival,
- 125. Little Treasure,
- 126. Dombey & Son,
- 127. Parents and Guardians,
- 128. Jewess.

VOL. XVII.

- 129. Camille.
- 130. Married Life,
- 131. Wenlock of Wenlock,
- 132. Rose of Ettrickvale,
- 133. David Copperfield,
- 134. Aline or the Rose of
- 135. Pauline. [Killarney,
- 136. Jane Eyre.

VOL. XVIII.

- 137. Night and Morning,
- 138. Æthiop,
- 139. Three Guardsmen,
- 140. Tom Cringle,
- 141. Henriette, the Forsak'n
- 142. Eustache Baudin,
- 143. Ernest Maltravers,
- 144. Bold Dragons.

VOL. XIX.

- 145. Dred; or, the Dismal
Swamp.
- 146. Last Days of Pompeii.
- 147. Esmeralda.
- 148. Peter Wilkins.
- 149. Fen the Boatswain.
- 150. Jonathan Bradford.
- 151. Retribution.
- 152. Minerall.

VOL. XX.

- 153. French Spy.
- 154. Wept of Wish-ton-
Wish.
- 155. Evil Genius.
- 156. Pen Bolt.
- 157. Sailor of France.
- 158. Red Mask.
- 159. Life of an Actress.
- 160. Wedding Day.

VOL. XXI.

- 161. All's Fair in Love.
- 162. Hofer.
- 163. Self.
- 164. Cinderella.
- 165. Phantom.
- 166. Frankton
- 167. The Gun Maker of
Moscow.
- 168. The Love of a Prince.

THE SPANISH WIFE; by SAMUEL M. SMUCKER, Esq., with a Portrait and Memoir of EDWIN FORRELL. Price 12½ cents.

THE OATH OF OFFICE by CHARLES JAMES CANNON, Esq., with a Portrait of the Author. Price 12½ cents.

GUTTLE AND GULPIT. Price 12½ cents.

TEN OF THE ABOVE PLAYS FOR \$1 00.

AMERICAN PLAYS 12½ CENTS EACH, OR 10 FOR \$1 00.

☞ All orders will receive prompt attention.

N. B.—A new play published every week.

S. FRENCH, 122 Nassau Street, up stairs, N. Y.

☞ Important change in the Postage law. All transient matter must be Pre-paid.

☞ Plays sent by Mail, and Postage Pre-paid, on receipt of 12½ cents each, in money or stamps. 10 Plays sent by Express for \$1 00.

FRENCH'S MI

PRICE 12½ CENTS EACH

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 597 348 7

VOL. I.

1. The Irish Attorney,
 2. Boots at the Swan,
 3. How to pay the Rent,
 4. The Loan of a Lover,
 5. The Dead Shot,
 6. His Last Legs,
 7. The Invisible Prince,
 8. The Golden Farmer.
- With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr. JOHN SEFTON.

VOL. IV.

25. Secret Service,
 26. Omnibus,
 27. Irish Lion,
 28. Maid of Croissey,
 29. The Old Guard,
 30. Raising the Wind,
 31. Slasher and Crasher,
 32. Naval Engagements.
- With a Portrait and Memoir of Miss ROSE TELBIN.

VOL. VII.

49. Box and Cox Married
 50. St. Cupid, [and Settled,
 51. Go-to bed Tom,
 52. The Lawyers,
 53. Jack Sheppard,
 54. The Toodles.
 55. The Mobjap,
 56. Ladies Beware.
- With a Portrait and Memoir of SOL SMITH.

VOL. X.

73. Ireland and America,
74. Pretty Piece of Business,
75. Irish Broom-maker,
76. To Paris and Back for £5
77. That Blessed Baby,
78. Our Gal,
79. Swiss Cottage,
80. Young Widow.

VOL. XIII.

97. My Wife's Mirror.
98. Life in New York.
99. Middy Ashore.
100. Crown Prince.
101. Two Queens.
102. Thumping Legacy.
103. Unfinished Gentleman.
104. House Dog.

VOL.

9. The Pride of the Market,
 10. Used Up,
 11. The Irish Tutor,
 12. The Barrack Room,
 13. Luke the Laborer,
 14. Beauty and the Beast,
 15. St. Patrick's Eve,
 16. Captain of the Watch.
- With a Portrait and Memoir of Miss C. WEMYSS.

VOL. V.

33. Cocknies in California,
 34. Who Speaks First,
 35. Bombastes Furioso,
 36. Macbeth Travestie,
 37. Irish Ambassador,
 38. Delicate Ground,
 39. The Weathercock,
 40. All that Glitters is not Gold.
- With a Portrait and Memoir of W. A. GOODALL.

VOL. VIII.

57. Morning Call,
58. Popping the Question,
59. Deaf as a Post,
60. New Footman,
61. Pleasant Neighbor,
62. Paddy the Piper,
63. Bryan O'Lynn,
64. Irish Assurance.

VOL. XI.

81. O'Flannigan and Fairies
82. Irish Post,
83. My Neighbor's Wife,
84. Irish Tiger,
85. P. P. or Man and Tiger,
86. To Oblige Benson,
87. State Secrets,
88. Irish Yankee.

VOL. XIV.

105. The Demon Lover.
106. Matrimony.
107. In and Out of Place.
108. I Dine with my Mother.
109. Hiawatha.
110. Andy Blake.
111. Love in '76.

17. The Secret,
 18. White Horse of the Pep-
 19. The Jacobite, [pers,
 20. The Bottle,
 21. Box and Cox,
 22. Bamboozling,
 23. Widow's Victim,
 24. Robert Macaire.
- With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr. F. S. CHANFRAU.

VOL. VI.

41. Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw,
 42. Rough Diamond,
 43. Bloomer Costume,
 44. Two Bonnycastles,
 45. Born to Good Luck,
 46. Kiss in the Dark,
 47. 'Twould Puzzle a Con-
 48. Kill or Cure. [juror,
- With a Portrait and Memoir of F. M. KENT.

VOL. IX.

65. Temptation,
66. Paddy Carey,
67. Two Gregories,
68. King Charming,
69. Pocahontas,
70. Clockmaker's Hat,
71. Married Rake,
72. Love and Murder,

VOL. XII.

89. A Good Fellow,
90. Cherry and Fair Star,
91. Gale Breezely,
92. Our Jemmy,
93. Miller's Maid,
94. Awkward Arrival,
95. Crossing the Line,
96. Conjugal Lesson.

American Plays 12½ cents each. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price.
N. B.—A new Play published every week.

S. FRENCH, 122 Nassau Street, New-York.

See extract from new Postage Law, on preceeding page.